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No. 2





A BOOK FOR EVERYBODY!

No. 2



RAILWAY

SCRAPBOOK

HUMOROUS
ENTERTAINING
AND
UNIQUE

J. R. HAWLEY & CO.

CINCINNATI and NEW YORK.

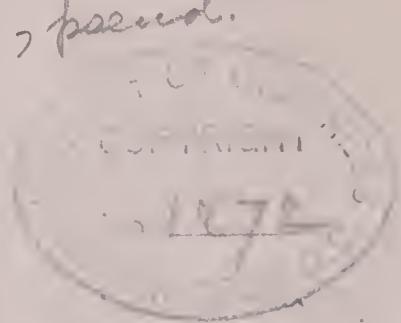
RAILWAY SCRAP BOOK:

A HODGE-PODGE OF

HUMOR, ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY, HOBBIES FOR THE PEOPLE, TOYS FOR THE FOLKS AT HOME, AND TIT-BITS FOR TRAVELERS, (VARIOUSLY SET FORTH).
ALSO, MANY THINGS WORTH KNOWING, NOT HERETOFORE MENTIONED.

GREGORY, PINXIT.

R H & C



NEW YORK:
FIRST NATIONAL MANUFACTURING AND PUBLISHING CO.
CINCINNATI:
J. R. HAWLEY & CO.
1866.

PN 6231
R 3 G 7
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Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865,

By J. R. HAWLEY & CO.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of Ohio.

P R E F A C E .

IT is not difficult to anticipate what classes of readers this book will please, for it contains such a variety of entertaining and instructive matter that those who are not pleased with its contents will be classified under the head of "exceptions." Although it does not offer pretensions to originality of matter, its design is certainly unique, and its arrangement such as to please the great mass of the people who find enjoyment in whiling away the tedium of a railway journey by this species of entertainment. And not to the traveler alone, but to all who would improve or entertain their leisure moments, there is material here for rational enjoyment, in such installments as not to infringe on valuable time for its full appreciation.

This book is the commencement of a series, and the succeeding numbers will be made equal to this in every respect — on some points much superior. It is designed that the reputation of the series shall stand high; and

that, while its contents administer to every rational taste and contribute largely to the general information of the people on all desirable points, nothing herein shall prove offensive to the strictest morality, nor subversive of order in the home circle.

In subsequent numbers, there will be an attempt for more of originality, and possibly for more solid reading in some portions; but the general object aimed at will be recreation of a cheap and presentable form, and the appropriate blending of instruction with amusement.

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SCRAP BOOK.

THE SOLDIER BIRD.

One day in the spring of 1861, Chief Sky, a Chippeway Indian living in the northern wilds of Wisconsin, captured an eagle's nest. To make sure of his prize he cut the tree down, and caught the eaglets as they were sliding from the nest to run and hide in the grass. One died. He took the other home, and built it a nest in a tree close to the wigwam. The eaglet was as big as a hen, covered with a brown down. The red children were delighted with their new pet; and as soon as it got acquainted, it liked to sit down in the grass and see them play with the dogs. But Chief Sky was poor, and he had to sell it to a white man for a bushel of corn. The white man brought it to Eau Clare, a little village alive with white men going to the war.

"Here's a recruit," said the man. "An eagle, an eagle!" shouted the soldiers, "let him enlist;" and sure enough, he was sworn into the service with ribbons around its neck—red, white and blue.

On a perch surmounted with the stars and stripes, the company took him to Madison, the capital of the State. As they marched into Camp Randall, with colors flying, drums beating, the people cheering, the eagle seized the flag in his beak and spread his wings, his bright eye kindling with the spirit of the scene. Shouts rent the air: "The bird of Columbia! the eagle of freedom forever!" The State made him a new perch; the boys named him "Old Abe," the regiment, the Eighth Wisconsin, was henceforth called "The Eagle Regiment." On the march he was carried at the head of the company, and everywhere greeted with delight. At St. Louis a gentleman offered five hundred dollars for him, another his farm. No, no, the boys had no notion to part with their bird. It was above all price, an emblem of battle and victory. Besides, it interested their minds, and made them think less of hardships and homes.

I can not tell you all the droll adventures of the bird through its three years of service, its flights in the air, the fights with the gu-

nea hens, and its race with the darkeys. When the regiment was in summer quarters at Clear Creek, in Dixie, it was allowed to run at large, and every morning went to the river half a mile off, where it splashed and played in the waters to its heart's content, faithfully returning to camp when it had enough. Old Abe's favorite place of resort was the sutler's tent, where a live chicken found no quarters in its presence. But rations got low, and for two days Abe had nothing to eat. Hard tack he objected to; fasting was disagreeable, and Tom, his bearer, could not get beyond the guard lines to a farm-yard. At last, pushing his way to the Colonel's tent, he pleaded for poor Abe. The Colonel gave him a pass, and Tom got him an excellent dinner.

One day a rebel farmer asked Tom to come and show the eagle to his children. To satisfy the curiosity of the family, Tom set him down in the barn yard. Oh, what a schreeching and scattering among the fowls! for what should Abe do but to pounce upon one and gobble up another, to the great disgust of the farmer, who declared that was not in the bargain. Abe, however, thought there was no harm in confiscating, nor did Tom.

Abe was in twenty battles, besides many skirmishes. He was at the siege of Vicksburg, the storming of Corinth, and the march of A. J. Smith up Red River. The whiz of bullets and scream of shells were his delight. As the battle grew hot and hotter, he would flap his wings and mingle his wild notes with the noise around him. He was very fond of music, especially Yankee Doodle and Old John Brown. Upon duty he always gave heed to "Attention!" With his eye on the commander, he would listen and obey orders, noting time accurately. After parade he would put off his soldierly air, flap his wings, and make himself at home. The rebels called him "Yankee buzzard," "Old Owl," and other hard names; but his eagle nature was quite above noticing it.

The Rebel General Price gave orders to his men to be sure and capture the eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin; he would rather have him than a dozen battle flags. But for all that, he scarcely lost a feather; only one from his right wing. His tail feathers were once cropped by a bullet.

At last the great rebellion came to an end, and the brave Wisconsin Eighth, with their torn, riddled flags, were welcomed back to Madison. They went out a thousand strong, and returned a little band, and toilworn, having fought and won.

And what of the soldier bird? In the name of his gallant veterans,

Captain Wolf presented him to the State. Governor Lewis accepted the illustrious gift, and ample quarters are provided for him in the beautiful State House grounds, where he may long live to tell us

"What heroes from the woodland sprang,
When through the fresh awakened land
The thrilling cry of freedom rang.

Nor is the end yet. At the great Fair, in Chicago last Summer, an enterprising gentleman invited "Abe" to attend. He had colored photographs of the old hero struck off, and sold \$16,700 worth for the benefit of the poor and sick soldiers. Has not the American eagle done his part?

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

"C. S. F." sends the inclosed lines (never before published), which he found in an old family Bible, bequeathed to him by their accomplished writer, his own relative and god-mother, Caroline Bowles, who, our readers may remember, was married to Southey in his latter years, having been long his valued friend, and proving his loving and faithful soother and nurse till he was called away to rest:

Book of Life! to thee I fly
When the world weighs heavily,
Heavily upon my heart,
And earthly thoughts no peace impart.
Earthly hopes, all hollowness—
Earthly joys deceitfulness—
Earthly praise, a tinsel gain—
Earthly pleasure, after-pain—
Earthly stay, an ebbing wave—
Earthly end, the dark cold grave.

Wearily, wearily,
From wordly wastes, so drearily
That round me lie—
From trouble, toil and vanity,
From care and strife,
To thee I turn, to thee I fly,
Book of Life!

"I am all heart," said a military officer to his comrades. "Pity you're not part pluck," said the colonel in command.

ADVENTURE WITH A TURKOMAN ROBBER.

A sedentary life being against the principles of the dervish character which I assumed, I often was obliged willingly or unwillingly to take my knapsack round my shoulders and to make expeditions, sometimes alone, sometimes in the company of my hadji comrades. There happened always some extraordinary thing on these little excursions. Sometimes I witnessed a heartrending scene of slavery and cruelty; at other times I saw striking examples of rude virtue and humanity. My dervish blessings remained never unrewarded. I sang until I became hoarse, but I filled my sack richly with cheese and with horse or wild donkey's flesh: and I got always the present of a piece of felt, or a handful of camel or sheep's wool, and sometimes even a piece of old garment, whieh the nomads threw off resembling rather a heap of rags.

There was no fear nor danger in the environs of Gomushtape (a place where we halted among the Yomut-Turkomans); and, as the number of my acquaintances grew always larger, I felt not the slightest hesitation to extend my roaming expeditions a little farther in the interior to such tribes as were on the friendliest footing with my hosts. It is true the latter often warned me to be cautious, but as I wore nothing on me besides my wretched dervish garb, and my meager purse containing about twenty krans (sixteen shillings), I thought it superfluous to listen to prudent advice as to my safety, and pursued my route for days together without taking the trouble to return every evening to my quarters.

One day, after having wandered about from one group of tents to another, I felt toward the evening quite exhausted. I espied from afar one solitary tent, to whieh I turned my weary steps. An isolated tent in the desert is never recommended; but I had nothing to choose, and soon decided to ask the hospitality of its inhabitant for that night. I entered with the usual dervish chants, and with a loud "Selam Aleikum" (Peace on you). A tall, wild-looking Turkoman received me at the door. He told me to sit down. We exchanged the customary salutations, and soon found ourselves in a deep conversation on religion, horse-breeding, and forays, the favorite topics of these nomads.

When the sun was nearly set on the vast and wild desert landscape, I saw my host was growing more and more restless and unquiet. He sat down and rose again, went out and came back, with-

out speaking to me a single word. I felt a little uncomfortable. Suddenly he approached me, and with a rather bashful air asked if I would lend him some krans (money), as he intended to treat me with a dish of rice meat (a special meal for guests), and was highly puzzled from his not possessing a single farthing to buy rice. To lend money, I thought, is certainly better than being robbed of it. I opened my purse and gave him five krans, which he hastily took, and hurried away to make the necessary purchase, at a tent which he said was distant about a quarter of an hour.

When he returned his face was beaming with joy and I really compassionated the poor but honest man who was so anxious to honor his guest.

The supper was soon ready. A huge plate, enough to satisfy half a dozen empty stomachs, was put before me. He and his wife, whom I ought already to have mentioned, sat opposite. It was only after my long insisting that I could induce them to share the meal with me. At length they too began to eat. We became more and more friendly. As we could not finish all our rice at once, the hospitable woman asked me to stop a day longer with them, and to have a second dinner the following evening. My refusal of the kind offer will be easily understood.

The next morning I rose early, bade farewell to my host, who appeared to be extremely touched, and, after I gave him and his horse (as is the custom) a parting blessing, I left the tent for my return to Gomushtepe.

I had not yet been distant more than half an hour's walk from the tent, when I suddenly heard a loud shouting behind me, which summoned me to stop in the most threatening terms. Seeing a well-armed horseman in pursuit, I stopped immediately. My persecutor approached at a slow pace, and you may fancy my astonishment when I recognised in his person my host of the past evening, that very Turkoman I blessed an hour before!

"Stop hadji," cried my friend (?), with a deep voice and down-cast eyes ; "give me your purse, and all you have on you, or I——"

My astonishment had no limits, and, as I took the whole affair for a joke and laughed in his face, the Turkoman grew angry and said.

"Don't delay me, hadji, or I shall be obliged to offend you."

As robbery is not an offense in the eyes of a Turkoman, I thought it advisable to obey his summons. I handed him my purse, also about three or four spoonsful of green tea I had on me, and a piece of old chintz that I used instead of a handkerchief. He took all my

property without the slightest compunction, put it in his sack, and just when I was ready to continue my way, he called me back, opened my purse (now his own,) and gave me five krans from it saying, "There, hadji, take my debt of yesterday morning! I think it was just five krans. I don't like to be a debtor."

What a strange honesty! thought I to myself, as I took the money. The robber now appeared quite satisfied. In his views of moral and social life he had accomplished a noble deed, and was impudent enough to ask me, on my parting, for a second blessing, which of course I could not refuse. I believe his untaught conscience was perfectly satisfied in the whole transaction.

Such pictures of mingled virtues and vices are often found among the nomads of Central Asia. I had certainly a curious glimpse of barbarian life in this adventure with the hospitable and honest robber!

A TRUE LADY.

"I can not forbear pointing out to you, my dearest child," said Lord Collingwood to his daughter, "the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all people on all occasions. Never forget that you are a gentlewoman, and all of your words and actions should make you gentle. I never heard your mother—your dear, good mother—say a harsh or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper, but, my darling, it is a misfortune which not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than any thing I ever undertook."

When mosquitoes are troublesome, a simple receipt to prevent their "presenting their bills" may be acceptable: Take a few pounds of rosin, a little pitch, a little glue, and a little lard, and "bile 'em; stir and boil until it is about as thick as "guava jelly," then apply, while hot, to the entire surface of the body; the mosquitoes will fly on to you and stick, and you can have a penknife in your right hand, and cut their hands off at leisure.

HODGE-PODGE.

"A livery-stable keeper was requested to call at the office of an attorney who was transacting some business for a friend of his.

"Here," says the lawyer, "sign this affidavit."

"Livery-stable keeper signs it.

"Take off your hat," says a notary standing by.

"The livery man obeys.

"Hold up your hand." Up go *both* hands to the highest point.

"You swear," etc., "that the contents of this affidavit, by you subscribed, are true."

"Yes!—what is it?"

Men are frequently like tea—their strength and goodness not being properly drawn out until they have been a short time in hot water

You can stop a clock at any moment, but you can not stop a watch. The same remark, my brethren, applies to the stopping of the talk of a man and of a woman. He is a great, coarse, ugly machine, but you can silence him. She is a beautiful, fragile, jeweled thing—but she will run on until she stops herself.

The death of a soldier is recorded, in 1784, who had had five wives; and his widow, aged 90, wept over the grave of her fourth husband. The writer, who mentioned these facts, naively added, "The said soldier was much attached to the marriage state."—There is an account of a gentleman who had been married to four wives, and who lived to be 115 years old. When he died, he left twenty-three "children" alive and well, some of the said children being from threescore to fourscore.—A gentleman died at Bordeaux, in 1772, who had been married sixteen times.—In July, 1768, a couple were living at Essex who had been married eighty-one years, the husband being 107, and the wife 103 years of age.—At the Church of St. Clement Danes, in 1772, a woman of 85 was married to her sixth husband.

Some years ago, a letter directed to "Zrumfeidavi," was received at the London post-office. Unable to find such a person, it was referred to the servants, who found out at last that it was Sir Humphrey Davy, the great chemist.

Small boy, on tip-toe to his companions—"Sh-stop your noise, all of you."

Companions—"Hello, Tommy, what is the matter?"

Small boy—"We've got a new baby—it's very weak and tired—walked all the way from heaven last night—musn't be kicking up a row round here."

An English writer says, in his advice to young married women, that their own mother Eve married a gardener. It might be added that the gardener, in consequence of his match, lost his situation.

Away among the Alleghanies there is a spring, so small that a single ox could drain it dry on a summer's day. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills till it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and many thousand cultivated farms, and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the great tributaries of the ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roll and roar till the angel, with one foot on the sea and one foot on the land, shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is a rill, a rivulet, an ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity.

The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindest soul, in tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic.

Some people say that the female heart is an enigma which no fellow can understand. For our own part we fancy it may be understood, but that it can't be over estimated.

The elder Rothschild once had need of the services of Liston, the celebrated English surgeon. After he had done, the banker said:

"You think, perhaps, I am going to pay you for making me suffer so much you are mistaken—you'll only get this souvenir," saying which, he threw his night-cap at him.

Liston smiled, took the night-cap, but, as he was descending the stairs, he looked inside, and found a \$1000 bill.

"Not man nor monarch half so proud,
As he whose flag becomes his shroud."

The following piece of elegant poetry, written by an Arkansas editor shortly after being married, shows what he thinks of the institution :

There is not in this wide world a happier life
Than to sit by the stovepipe and tickle your wife ;
Taste the sweets of her lips in a moment of glee,
And twist the cat's tail as she jumps on her knee.

Widow Buxbomby, to her daughter : "When you are of my age, Seline Annie, you will be dreaming of a husband. "Yes, mamma" replied S. A., "for the second time."

Pit hole is a hole of some value. It gives \$200,000 worth of oil per day.

A young lady objected to a negro's carrying her across a mud-hole, because she thought herself too heavy. "Lors, missee," said Sambo, imploringly, "I'se carried whole barrels of sugar."

"I am not afraid of a barrel of cider, sir,"
"I presume not; I guess the barrel of cider would run at your approach."

A green grocer, having unexpectedly come in for some property, sent for a tailor to come and measure him for a coat-of-arms.

A good constitution is like a money-box—the full value of it is never properly known until it is broken.

An editor of a city paper, removed to the country, thus writes to a friend: "Oh, the transcendent joy of living in so charming a locality, and raising your own vegetables, and laying your own eggs!"

The girls have changed the pronunciation of the word "petticoats" to "jefficoats!"

Military men have discovered a new remedy for intoxication, which, we believe, is "not down in the books." It is nothing more than raw potatoes, which are cut up in slices and eaten without salt. An ordinary "murphy," it is said, will cure the most obstinate case in half an hour.

A paper in southern Illinois tells of a young woman who appeared before a magistrate the day after her marriage and complained that her husband had been "taking liberties with her."

Many of our readers will remember the fatal duel in 1838 between two members of Congress, Messrs. Graves, of Kentucky, and Cilley, of Maine, in which the latter was killed. In a letter to a friend, in 1844, Mr. Graves said: "I will add, with the most unaffected sincerity, that, in a community where public sentiment sanctions this practice (dueling,) *it requires a much higher order of courage to refuse to fight than to fight*: and if I have one ardent wish which is greater than any other on this subject, it is that, if I shall ever be so situated again, I may find myself possessed of that higher order of courage." Who then is the truly *brave* man?

The pen, in the-hand that knows how to use it, is one of the most powerful weapons known. As the tongue of the absent, how charming! When self-respect gives it a new vigor, how pleasing! When virtue guides it, how beautiful! When honor directs it, how respected! When wit sharpens it, how fatal! When scurrility wields it, how contemptible! 'T is the weapon of mind.

Many of our readers no doubt have read the following rich anecdote. It is old, but like good wine, it will bear repetition. Those who never "read it," will thank us for reviving it from oblivion, into which it was fast falling:

Several legislative gentlemen were dining at a Boston hotel: one of them asked Mr. D., a gentleman who sat opposite:

"Can you reach them pertaters, sir?"

Mr. D., extending his arm toward the dish, and satisfying himself that he could reach the "pertaters," answered:

"Yes, sir."

The legislator was taken aback with the unexpected rebuff from the wag, but presently recovering himself he asked:

"Will you stick my fork in one of 'em, then?"

Mr. D., took the fork, and very coolly plunged the fork into a finely cooked potato, and left it there. The company roared as they took the joke, and the victim looked more foolish than before; but suddenly an idea struck him, and rising to his feet exclaimed, with an air of conscious triumph:

"Now, Mr. D., I will trouble you for the fork."

Mr. D., rose to his feet, and with the most imperturbable gravity, pulled the fork out of the potato, and returned it amidst an unconquerable thunder storm of laughter, to the utter discomfiture of the gentleman from B.

An Eastern farmer who wished to invest the accumulations of his industry in United States securities, went to Jay Cooke's office to procure the treasury notes. The clerk inquired what denomination he would have them in? Having never heard that word used excepting to distinguish the religious sects, he, after a little deliberation, replied: "Waal, you may give me part in Old School Presbyterian to please the old lady, but give me the heft on't in Freewill Baptist."

If you wish success in life make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.

Great crimes ruin comparatively few. It is the little meanness, selfishness, and impurities that do the work of death, on most men; and these things march not to the sound of fife and drum. They steal with muffled tread, as the foe steals on the sleeping sentinel.

A little girl showing her little cousin, about four years old, a star, said, "That star you see up there is bigger than this world." "No it ain't," said he. "Yes it is." "Then why don't it keep the rain off?"

A physician, walking in the streets with a friend of his said to him: "Let us avoid that pretty little woman you see there on the left. She knows me, and casts on me looks of indignation. I attended her husband."

"Ah, I understand. You had the misfortune to dispatch him."

"On the contrary," said the doctor. "I saved him."

If you can not be happy one way, be happy in another; and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent-minded man looking for his hat, while it is on his head or in his hand.

There are a good many words that do not sound as they look; but, perhaps, the following varieties are a little out of the common:

"Wife, make me some dumplings of DOUGH,
They're better than meat for my COUGH;
Pray let them be boiled till hot THROUGH,
But not until they're heavy and TOUGH.
Now, I must be off to my PLOUGH,
And the boys when they've had ENOUGH,
Must keep the flies off with a BOUGH,
While the old mare drinks at the TROUGH."

When a Spaniard eats a peach or pear by the roadside, wherever he is, he digs a hole in the ground with his foot and covers the seed. Consequently all over Spain, by the roadsides and elsewhere, fruit in great abundance tempts the taste, and is ever free. Let this practice be imitated in our country, and the weary wanderer will be blest, and bless the hand that ministered to his comfort and joy. We are bound to leave the world as good or better than we found it, and he is a selfish churl who basks under the shadow, and eats the fruit of trees which other hands have planted, if he will not also plant trees which shall yield fruit to coming generations.

An Irishman tells us of a fight in which there was only one whole nose left in the crown, "and that belonged to the taykettle."

A gentleman saw a notice of valuable information sent to any address on the receipt of ten cents, and thought that he must have ten cents' worth more of knowledge. He sent his dime and received in answer the following: "Friend, for your ten cents, postage, etc., please find inclosed advice which may be of great value to you. As many persons are injured by the careless use of a knife, therefore my advice is, when you use a knife, always whittle from you."

You had better learn wisdom and prudence by the mishaps of your neighbors than wait to learn them from your own.

One of the merry wives of Bloomington, Indiana, played a practical joke on her husband, by having their babe, a sweet little infant of six months, done up in a basket and left on the front door steps, with a note informing him that he was the father of the child and must support it. The indignant husband swore roundly that it was not his, but finally saw the joke when he found the cradle empty. He has concluded to cultivate the acquaintance of his family hereafter.

One of the less-known publications of Fielding, the novelist, who was a London magistrate, and a singularly shrewd and sagacious man, contained a sensible chapter "of the encouragemeut given to robbers by frequent pardons," in which he avers that, from the hope of impunity which the latter created, they hanged ten times more felons than they saved from the gallows, and greatly increased the amount of crime.

A little fellow not more than five years of age, hearing some gentlemen at his father's table discussing the familiar line, "An honest man is the noblest work of God," said he knew it wasn't true; his mother was better than any man that was ever made.

A simple fellow once said of a famous beauty, "I could have courted and married her, easy enough, if I'd wanted to." "And pray, why didn't you?" asked his friend. "Oh, when I began to spark her, you see, she took me on one side and politely asked to be excused, so I excused her."

Which is the most solemn and awful moment of a naval battle?" asked a lady of a naval officer. "The moment before the battle, madam, when they sprinkle sand on the decks to absorb the blood that is soon to flow," replied the officer.

"There's two ways of doing it," said Pat to himself, as he stood musing and waiting for a job. "If I save me two thousand dollars, I must lay up two hundred dollars every year for twenty years, or I can put away twenty dollars a year for two hundred years—now which shall I do?"

A Yankee writes from San Francisco to a New York paper: "A Spanish girl is the best grammar in the world; and since my arrival in town, I have been studying grammar." We suppose he'll "conjugate" soon, if the girl don't "decline."

It is a musical fact that every orchestra contains at least two musicians with moustaches, one in spectacles, three with bald heads, and one very modest man in a white cravat, who, from force of circumstances, you will always observe, plays on a brass instrument.

One day the philosopher, Blas, found himself in the same vessel with a crowd of sorry rascals. A tempest came on, and instantly the whole band began to invoke the succor of the gods. "Be quiet, you wretches," said the sage: "if the gods perceive that you are here, we are gone!"

The *New Bedford Mercury* tells a story of a gentleman who, being at breakfast in a hotel in a neighboring city, asked the waiter for boiled eggs. "We have no eggs," was the reply. "But," said the gentleman, "I notice an omelet on the table." "Oh, yes," said the waiter "we have eggs to make omelets, but not the kind for boiling."

"Dear me!" exclaimed a lady, as she looked at the boa constrictor in a show; "why, the skin of the creature is of a regular tartan pattern." "It is, my dear," remarked her husband, "and that is what Shakspeare alluded to when he talked about a snake being 'scotched'."

Why is a scandal like a baby? Because the more crying it is, the more its belongings try to hush it.

A dying Irishman was asked by his confessor if he was ready to renounce the devil and all his works. "Oh your honor," said Pat, "don't ask me that; I am agoing into a strange country, and I don't mane to make myself enemies!"

Why is a dandy like a mushroom? Because he is a regular sap-head, his waist is remarkably slender, his growth is exceedingly rapid, and his top is uncommonly tender.

Extravagance of the most abominable kind. A man, who is blind in one eye, lighting two candles to read the newspaper.

A late religious paper stigmatizes the authors of yellow-covered novels as literary scorpions, who sting virtue to death with their *tales*.

A milkman may have a habit of stopping near the river and not excite suspicion; but when we find his little boy fishing for minnows in the milk pans, we begin to have our doubts.

The girls and boys in Mexico do nothing but play till they are twenty-one. Then they marry and spend the rest of their days in visiting country cousins, smoking, eating soup, and going to mass.

The latest way to pop the question is, to ask a fair lady if you can have the pleasure of seeing her to the minister's.

A celebrated dandy was one evening in company with a young lady, and observing her kiss her favorite poodle, he advanced and begged the like favor, remarking that she ought to have as much charity for him as she had shown the dog. "Sir," said the belle, "I never kissed my dog when he was a puppy."

That was a wise negro, who, in speaking of the happiness of married life, said: "Dat ar pends altogedder how dey enjoys demselves."

A lass! a lass! exclaimed an old bachelor, who wanted to marry. Alas! alas! he cried, after he had been married awhile.

A correspondent of a Lewiston journal says, that among the large families in the town of Waldoborough, are the following names: Head, Foote, Hyde, Horn, Sides, Hough, Heart, Bowles, Haslet. At last a Prussian came in named Onbehind.

An Irishman describes metaphysics as follows: "Two men are together, and one of them is trying to explain something he don't know any thing about, and the other can't understand him."

A Newburyport sugar merchant heard a few days since that sugar had gone up two cents, and telling no one what he was going to do, immediately rushed off and bought the whole stock of another merchant at 21 cents. He was so delighted with the operation that he treated the clerks all round on his return, and then learned that a man as clever as himself had bought all his stock at twenty cents while he was away.

Adventurous husband: "I'm off to the Crystal Palace; and, by the by, I shall very likely go up in Mr. Glaishwell's balloon. But pray don't be in the least alarmed! There's no real danger!" Affectionate wife: "How nice! Shall you be home to dinner, love?" Disinterested mother-in-law: "Charming! But tell me, Richard, will it not invalidate your life insurance?"

"Doctor, kin you tell me what's the matter with my child's nose? She keeps a pickin' it." "Yes, ma'am; it's probably an irritation of the gastric mucous membrane communicating a sympathetic titillation to the epithelium of the beoeriah." "There, now, that's jist what I told Becky; she 'lowed it was worms."

Collins, the sweet poet, was very much attached to a young lady who was born the day before him, and who did not return his passion. "Yours is a hard case," said a friend. "It is so, indeed," replied Collins, "for I came into the world a day after the fair."

Keep your temper in disputes.—The cool hammer fashions the red-hot iron into any shape needed.

Religion is degraded when it borrows from hypocrisy its whine, and from malignity its scowl.

To enjoy to day, stop worrying about to-morrow. Next week will be just as capable of taking care of itself as this one is.

"What would you be, dearest," said a gentleman to his sweet-heart, "if I were to press the seal of love upon those sealing-wax lips?" "I should be stationery, sir."

A Spanish writer, speaking of a lady's black eyes, says: "They were mourning for the murders they had committed."

A French jury recently gave in a verdict the benefit of "extenuating circumstances" to a horrible wretch who murdered his own mother, by holding her head down in a dung-heap until she was dead.

An Hibernian was reproved by an officer for daring to whistle in the ranks while going on duty. Just as the officer spoke, one of the enemy's balls came whistling over the ravine. Pat cocked his eye up toward it, and quickly said: "There goes a boy on his duty, and be jabers, how he whistles!"

There is a hotel in Springfield that only charges half-price for lovers; and yet the proprietor says he makes more money out of this class of boarders than any other people in the house. "Let a youth," he says, "set up with a yellow spencer and blue eyes on Sunday night, and he will feel so heavenly that he won't get down to pork and beans again till the latter part of the week."

Sydney Smith said of Lord Brougham, that he prepared himself for his parliamentary campaign "by living on raw beef, drinking oil of vitriol, and spending his spare time in playing with the tigers, in the Zoological Gardens."

A young lady down East advertised for the young man who "embraced an opportunity," and says that if he will come over to their town he can do better.

If women knew their real power, and wished to exert it, they would always endeavor to show sweetness of temper, for they are irresistible.

"You do wrong to fish on Sunday," said a clergyman to a lad he saw so doing. "Well, sir," replied the boy, "it can't be much harm, for I ain't cotched nothing."

Equal to nothing.—On being informed that the judges in the Court of Common Pleas had little or nothing to do, Busho remarked "Well, they're equal to it!"

A few days since a fellow was tried for stealing a saw, but he said he only took it in a joke. The justice asked him how far he had carried it and was answered, "About two miles." "That is carrying the joke too far," said the magistrate, and committed the prisoner.

It is said the early bird picks up the worm; but the gentlemen who smoke, and ladies who dance till three or four o'clock in the morning, will do well to consider that the worm picks up the early birds.

An English paper states: "Yankee steamers are so light on the western rivers, that they can jump over a sand-bar, float easily on wet grass, and are obliged to lie at anchor when there is a heavy dew."

"I understand, Mr. Jones, that you can turn anything neater than any other man in town."

"Yes, Mr. Smith, I said so."

"Mr. Jones, I don't like to brag, but there's no man on earth that can turn any thing better than I can whittle it."

"Pooh, nonsense. Mr. Smith talk about whittling. What can you whittle as well as I can turn?"

"Any thing, every thing, Mr. Jones. Just name the article, that I can't whittle that you can turn, and I will give you a dollar if I don't do it to the satisfaction of all these persons present."

"Mr. Smith, suppose we take two grindstones for trial, you may whittle and I will turn."

A Man's—"Well, I'll tell you what you must do."

A Woman's—"Ah! I told you how it would be."

The *Kreuz Zeitung* reports a speech made the other day by the King of Prussia, in which his Majesty said: "My basis will, however, be the same, and will be inviolable. I have received my crown from the altar." What has King William's receipt of his crown from the altar to do with the inviolability of his basis? What relation does his basis bear to his crown? Is not the one the direct opposite to the other? If the King of Prussia puts his crown upon his basis, what, we should like to know, does he put his hat upon?

The imprudent man carries postage stamps in his pocket-book, the prudent man never does—for he knows well enough that he can always borrow of the man who has them.

It is as uncomfortable to feel like scolding and have nothing to scold about, as it is to be hungry and have nothing to eat.

Coleridge was acknowledged to be a bad rider. One day, riding through a street, he was accosted by a would-be wit:

“I say, do you know what happened to Balaam?”

Came the answer sharp and quick:

“The same as happened to me. An ass spoke to him!”

We are too apt to forget these. A clergyman was once speaking to a brother minister of his gratitude for a merciful deliverance he had just experienced:

“As I was riding here to-day,” said he, “my horse stumbled, and came very near throwing me from a bridge, where the fall would have killed me; but I escaped unhurt.”

“I can tell you something more than that,” said the other. “As I rode here to-day, my horse did not stumble at all.”

“Why, Mr. B.,” said a tall youth to a little person who was in company with half-a-dozen huge men, “I protest you are so small I did not see you before.”

“Very likely,” replied the little gentleman; “I am like a sixpence among six copper pennies, not readily perceived, but worth the whole of them.”

The following is a true copy of the verdict of a coroner's jury recently convened in Saratoga county: “Nathaniel Denton came to his death by a collision with the engine near Simmon's crossing, of which we exonerate the engineer from all blame. But further, we think the deceased and the engineer might have seen each other, and perhaps, yes, very likely, have saved his life, if the wood pile sworn to had not have been there.”

Great men never affect anything. It is your three-cent folks that put on airs, swell and put on pomp. The difference between the two is as great as between a barrel of vinegar and an angel's disposition.

If a man has nothing to say, he is sure to take much time and use many words in saying it.

An anecdote is told of Finney, the revivalist, and a canaler, to the following effect:—He was “holding forth” in Rochester, and walking along the canal one day, he came across a boatman who was swearing furiously. Marching up, he confronted him abruptly, and asked:—“Sir, do you know where you are going?” The unsuspecting man innocently replied:—“I am going up the canal on the boat ‘Johnny Sands.’” “No, sir, you are going to hell, faster than a canal boat can carry you.” The boatman looked at him in astonishment for a minute, and then returned the same question:—“Sir, do you know where you are going?” “I expect to go to heaven.” “No, sir, you are going into the canal.” And suiting the action to the word, he took Finney in his arms, and tossed him into the murky water, where he would have drowned had not the boatman relented and fished him out.

Readers may be divided into four classes. The first may be compared to an hour glass, their reading being as the sand—it runs in and runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. The second resembles a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtier. The third class is like a jelly-bag, which allows every thing which is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slave in the diamond mines of Golconda, who casting aside all that is worthless, preserves only pure gems.

The Japanese Ambassadors who visited England have written a book, in which they thus allude to the ladies of England: “The women wear frames to keep away men during the summer. Some are pretty, but their eyes are large and close together; their feet are large and clumsy, and they have big legs. These women sing loud and roll their eyes, keeping time with motions of their heads. When they meet the men in the evening they are but partly dressed. These people made us sick with eating and drinking. The carriages in the streets try to knock down the people on foot, especially the women, to amuse the drivers.”

Lamartine is publishing a “Life of Byron” as a *feuilleton* in the *Constitutionnel*. Two chapters have already appeared. Regarding on Byron’s early years, Lamartine tells that the poet fell in love when a child of eight, and adds that Dante conceived his immortal passion for Beatrice at eleven, and that he himself, Alphonse de Lamartine, was similarly affected at ten years.

The London *Saturday Review* is seldom puzzled by a slang phrase but confesses itself unable to understand a sentence which it finds in a recent American paper.—“Every thing being lovely the goose was greatly elevated.” The astonished critic says; What or whose goose was elevated, why it should be elevated, what the process of elevating a goose consists in, and the connection between the elevation of the goose and the general lovliness of things, are all points on which we can throw no light.

“While General Jo. Johnston was in Baltimore recently, a young gentleman of that city, who had known the General before the war, renewed his acquaintance on the street with the remark. ‘General, I regret that we were obliged to *surrender* to overwhelming numbers, but I rejoice that we are *not whipped*.’ ‘You have had no active participation in the fighting, I believe?’ inquired the General. ‘No, sir.’ ‘Under those circumstances,’ rejoined the veteran, ‘*you* are not whipped, *but I am*.’”

A few days since a German was riding' along Sansome street, near Sacramento, when he heard the whizzing of a ball near him, and felt his hat shaken. He turned about and saw a man with a revolver in his hand, and took off his hat and found a fresh bullet hole in it. “Did you shoot at me?” asked the German. “Yes,” replied the other party; “that's my horse. It was stolen from me recently.” “You must be mistaken,” says the German, “I have owned the horse for three years.” “Well,” said the other, “when I come to look at him I believe I am mistaken. Excuse me, sir; won't you take a drink?” The rider dismounted, tied his horse. The two found a drinking saloon; they drank together and parted friends. This is the California fashion to make acquaintances.

The husband who devoured his wife with kisses, found afterward that she disagreed with him.

There is a farmer in Putnam Co., N. Y., who has a mile of children. His name is Furlong, and he has eight boys and girls. Eight furlongs one mile!

A Frenchman writing a letter in English to a friend, and looking in the dictionary for the word *preserve*, and finding it meant to pickle, wrote as follows: “May you and your family be pickled to all eternity.”

A dealer of pigs of Vienna, named Hofer, about two months back, lost at the fair of Gaudensdorf his pocket book, containing six thousand five hundred florins in bank notes. An orphan boy, aged fourteen, found it and gave it up to the owner before witnesses, and received a recompense of two florins. This reward was thought insufficient by the person who had charge of the boy, and he brought the affair before the tribunals, who decided in favor of the demand, and ordered the dealer to give the finder a reward of six hundred and fifty florins.

It is the most momentous question a woman is ever called on to decide, whether the faults of the man she loves will drag her down, or whether she is competent to be his earthly redeemer.

The following is given as a certain remedy for fleas on dogs: "Soak the dog for five minutes in camphene, and then set fire to him. The effect is instantaneous."

A Dutchman's heartrending soliloquy is described thus: "She loves Shon Mickle so better as I, because he has cot a koople tollars more as I has."

"I'll hide you, my boy!" exclaimed an angry father. "I don't think you will," replied the mother, "for I have helped him to hide himself."

In a Dutch translation of Addison's Cato, the words "Plato, thou reasonest well," are rendered, "Just so—you are very right, Mynheer Plato."

If we were always as particular not to breathe foul air as we are not to drink dirty water, we should have a different race of beings, physically, from what we now have.

A German being required to give a receipt in full, after much mental effort produced the following: "I ish full. I wants no more money. John Swachammer."

Don't fret on account of your bankruptcy. Your creditors will do it for you.

A gentleman was speaking of the kindness of his friends in visiting him. One aunt, in particular, visited him twice a year, and stopped six months each time.

The call to religion is not a call to be better than others, but better than yourself.

Prentice says the night-cap would be the cap of liberty—if it were not for curtain lectures.

Birds are the poor man's music, flowers the poor man's poetry; and the rich man has no better.

"I am surprised my dear, that I have never seen you blush."
"The fact is, husband, I was born to blush unseen."

An excellent grammarian gives it as a reason why a blow leaves a blue mark, that blow in the past sense is blew.

When your wife is silent, hold the baby for her. Perhaps it is as much as she can do to hold her tongue.

"I know well enough," said a youngster, "where fresh fish come from; but where these salt ones are catched, I'll be hanged if I can tell."

A gentleman lately heard a laborer gravely inform two comrades that a 74-pounder is a cannon that sends a pound ball exactly seven-four miles.

Lawyers often know too much of law to have a very clear perception of justice, just as divines are often too deeply read in theology to appreciate the full grandeur and proper tendencies of religion.

We once heard of a rich man who was badly injured by being run over. "It isn't the accident," said he, "that I mind; that isn't the thing, but the idea of being run over by an infernal old swill cart, that's what makes me mad."

A gentleman who did not live very happily with his wife, on the maid telling him that she was about to give her mistress warning, as she kept scolding from morning till night, said: "Happy girl! I wish I could give warning, too."

A lover, vainly trying to explain some scientific theory to his fair inamorata, said: "The question is difficult, and I don't see what I can do to make it clear." "Suppose you pop it," whispered sweet Jemima.

THE NATION'S DEAD.

Four hundred thousand men,
 The brave — the good — the true —
 In tangled wood — in mountain glen,
 On battle plain — in prison pen ;
 Lie dead for me and you !
 Four hundred thousand of the brave
 Have made our ransomed soil their grave
 For me and you !
 Good friends, for me and you !

In many a fevered swamp ;
 By many a black bayou —
 In many a cold and frozen camp —
 The weary sentinel ceased his tramp —
 And died for me and you !
 From western plain to ocean tide
 Are stretched the graves of those who died
 For me and you !
 Good friends, for me and you !

On many a bloody plain,
 Their ready swords they drew,
 And poured their life-blood, like the rain,
 A home — a heritage — to gain,
 To gain for me and you !
 Our brothers, mustered by our side,
 They marched, and fought, and bravely died,
 For me and you !
 Good friends, for me and you !

Up many a fortress wall
 They charged — those boys in blue —
 'Mid surging smoke and volley's ball
 The bravest were the first to fall —
 To fall for me and you !
 The noble men — the nation's pride —
 Four hundred thousand must have died
 For me and you !
 Good friends, for me and you !

In treason's prison hold
 Their martyr spirits grew,
 To stature like the giant of old,
 While amid agencies untold,
 They starved for me and you !

The good, the patient, and the tried—
Four hundred thousand men have died
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

A debt we ne'er can pay
To them is justly due,
And to the nation's latest day
Our children's children still shall say
“They died for me and you!”
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

A MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

A French lady advertised, some time ago, in the Parisian journals, under the initials A. C., that she was young, handsome, and worth two millions, and was anxious to get married; but did not care whether her husband was rich or poor. She invited the aspirants to send their photographs. A month afterward, having, in the meantime, received fifteen hundred applicants, she started a journal, soliciting subscriptions from all her would be husbands, and promising to publish her reply to the respective candidates in her new journal. She immediately received several thousand francs, the aggregate amount of the subscription money, and forthwith published all the letters.

The journal ceased to appear after that first, and it seemed, last issue, the befooled parties now appealed to the court, where the trial of the ingenious lady has lately taken place. Among the most spicy letters is that of a drum-major, who declared himself ready for all sacrifices, including that of his post in his regiment, provided he can secure M^{lle} A. C. and her two millions. A cook writes to her, “My physique is admirable, mademoiselle, and my two sisters are milliners.. Your two millions would make us the kings of France.” Among the amateurs of this double-millioned woman are not a few persons occupying high stations, who thus find their matrimonial ambitions rather awkwardly exposed.

TWO SHARP ONES.

As an instance of sharp practice, it is recently related that a merchant, coming to this country, went to an insurance office, in London, and wished to insure, separately, one thousand cigars, valued at £200, against loss by water or fire. The insurance was agreed to. After the lapse of six months, he made his appearance at the insurance office and demanded his money, as the cigars had all been burned. "But not on board the vessel, sir," said the secretary, "for she is in dock now." "Yes, on board the vessel; I smoked them, and therefore, burned them all myself, and the insurance says against fire." The secretary seemed taken aback, and had nothing to say; so the merchant said he would call the next day for his money, and the next day he called, but was met by the solicitor of the company, who told him, if he did not relinquish his claim, he would be prosecuted as one who had knowingly and willfully set on fire the goods assured by the company. The biter was bitten.

THE POLICE NEEDLESSLY STARTLED.

A drama founded on the assassination of President Lincoln has been produced at Munich. The author resided at a distance from the town, and was communicated with by telegraph concerning two or three important changes. The author wished the murder of President Lincoln to be narrated—not to take place on the stage—but the manager was against this, as he was a sensation lover, and he therefore sent a peremptory telegram to the author in these words: "The murder must be committed in the box. Reply quickly." The telegraph employee who received the message, was so alarmed that, instead of forwarding it to the address, he communicated it at once to the commissioner of police, who in his turn considered the information of sufficient importance to put his brethren of the police on the look out at Munich, and the machinery of the law was at once put into operation to arrest the murderous conspirators. Happily the manager was able to convince the authorities, and so the matter ended with a sensation story for the papers, which turned out to be a capital puff preliminary for the piece.

SAVED.

I believe the boy came in to steal. Why else did he creep into the kitchen without knocking?

Pet was sitting there in one of her thoughtful moods; I could see through the side window, though the luxuriant grape vines hid me completely from view.

At first sight the boy startled me. He was uncouth—he was ugly. Not only that, but his brow was low; and to me, his eye was vicious. Some children would have screamed at sight of such an apparition—Pet did not. Instead a smile broke over her face like a burst of sunshine.

Pet made us all tremble, often sigh—her father and me. Not that she was preternaturally good or given to extraordinary speeches; but there was a strange attractiveness about her—an unearthliness—though we never would say the word to each other. Her little soul seemed to flow out toward you; you felt impelled to speak, aye, even to think purely in her presence.

Nothing human repulsed her; I havd shuddered to see her clasp a filthy little creature round the neck. Everybody was “nice” with her, and in her vocabulary “nice” meant good.

But to go back to the rough intruder.

It startled me to see her smile; but in an instant the boy looked ashamed. A flush spread to the purplish swellings under the eyes.

“Is 'oo hungry?” cried Pet, in her clear, small, bird like voice. A moment after she emerged from her corner with a lovely rosy apple, that filled both wee hands, and running toward him, her eyes shining, I thought I never had seen as beautiful expression in a human face.

“Take 'is, and 'ool be nice—'oo is nice, aint 'oo?”

The boy looked down at the small blessing; his lips worked a little. Sure am I, no sermon would have reached his poor heart as did that little act. He seemed to hesitate.

“Take it,” said I, cheerily; “Pet would rather you would eat it, I know. What did you wish when you came? Can I do any thing for you?” coming in as I spoke.

The tears stood in his eyes now.

“I don't know as I want any thing, ma'am. I—well—I—I—don't know as I need any thing.”

“Have you a home?” I asked.

"A—a—home—that's what I never had."

"Div him somefin more, mamma," said Pet, pitifully grieving for the tears.

He looked at her with an almost worshiping glance.

"I have two or three cords of wood that want splitting and piling down cellar," said I.

"I'll do it," he cried, brightening.

I looked at him keenly.

"Can I trust you?" I asked, but I tried to do it with a smile.

"Yes, you may, ma'am, indeed you may," he said, and then with a swift motion, jerked his sleeve across his eyes. He told me he was called Bertie, and I imparted his name to Pet. So every little while she would pat to the head of the cellar stairs and cry out:

"Bertie—is 'oo nice!" then throw back her little head and burst into such silvery peals of laughter, that I laughed softly to myself every time I heard her.

Dear little white throated angel! Dear sinless babe forever more.

Bertie came next day to finish the job, and his gray eyes that I had thought so wicked, grew positively beautiful at the sight of Pet.

"O, I love her, ma'am!" he exclaimed.

"O, I'd give any thing if I might kiss her, ma'am."

"Pet, Bertie wants to kiss you," I said.

"Is 'oo nice?" laughed Pet, suspending her busy operations.

"No—no—I ain't nice," he said remorsefully.

She seemed to deliberate a moment, then she said, slowly:

"Well, 'oo must be nice:" came up to him and put up her rose bud lips.

He kissed her—made that swift, awkward motion with his sleeve again, and hurried to his work.

My husband became interested in the boy. "Depend upon it, Hetty, he's a neglected genius, or he never would have shown such sensibility. I'll see about him."

He did see about him to some purpose. He gave him occupation; found him reliable and steady. The war broke out—Bertie enlisted—was wounded, and came near dying in the hospital. From that sick bed he returned home, refined, spiritualized. Ah! me, he came home to weep over Pet's still waxen features.

"O! my little salvation!" he cried, with tears of agony; "under God—my little savior!"

Pet, in her home above, must rejoice if she sees Bertie—now an earnest student in Christ; for this sketch is not all fancy. Bertie

will be a shining light, a brand saved from the burning, to minister to the heirs of glory.

As for Pet, do you think I ever wished her back, ever!

My waiting angel—my seraph guide to the courts of heaven! My one little child that never gave the hearts that loved her a single pang. "Of such is the kingdom," and with such, my blessed, blessed darling is safe forevermore.

INCREDULITY PERSONIFIED.

There is living on Martha's Vineyard an old man who has never been off the island, and the extent of his knowledge is bounded by the confines of his home. He has been told of a war between the North and South, but has never heard the din of a battle nor seen any soldier, he considered it a hoax. He is utterly unable to read, and is ignorant to the last degree. An excellent story is told of his first and only day at school. He was quite a lad when a lady came to the district where his father resided to teach school. He was sent, and as the teacher was classifying the school he was called up in turn and interrogated as to his former studies. Of course he had to say he had never been to school, and knew none of his letters. The school mistress gave him a seat on one side until she had finished the preliminary examination of the scholars. She then called him to her and drew on the blackboard the letter A, told him what it was, and wished him to remember how it looked. He looked at it a moment, and then inquired (he stuttered)—

"H-h how do you know it's A?"

The teacher replied that when she was a girl she had been to school to an old gentleman, who told her so.

The boy eyed the A for a moment, and then asked:

"H-h how did he know?"

This, was almost a stunner, but the teacher suddenly recollected that he had told her that when a boy, he had been to school to a lady who taught him that it was A.

The boy eyed the letter a little longer, when he burst out with "H-h how did he know but she l-lied?"

The teacher could not get over this obstacle, and the poor boy was sent home as incorrigible.

THE FAILING OF GENIUS.

Great geniuses appear to cherish the fond delusion that their powers must remain at the meridian, and be susceptible to no decline or decay. Few, indeed, have been those who possessed that self-abnegating wisdom which perceives when the mental powers have attained the exact zenith in the broad concavity of thorough development. Irving was one of these, and his last work was his greatest; but the great majority of the famous, blinded by vanity or thoughtlessness, refuse to relinquish the pen until even the memory of their former greatness can procure from them nothing more than the contemptuous toleration of pity. The most sorrowful of sights is a Titan shorn of his strength, and while hurling pebbles, calling them the tremendous rocks with which he once did battle with the gods.

TWO ROGUES INSTEAD OF ONE.

An amusing incident is related of a woman in England whose husband, a wealthy man, died suddenly without leaving any will. The widow, desirous of securing the whole property, concealed her husband's death, and persuaded a poor shoemaker to take his place while a will could be made. Accordingly he was closely muffled up in bed as if very sick, and a lawyer was called to write the will. The shoemaker in a feeble voice bequeathed half of all the property to the widow.

"What shall be done with the remainder," asked the lawyer.

"The remainder," replied he, "I give and bequeath to the poor little shoemaker across the street, who has always been a good neighbor and a deserving man," thus securing a rich bequest for himself. The widow was thunderstruck with the man's audacious cunning, but did not dare expose the fraud; and so two rogues shared the estate.

To judge by the event, is an error all abuse, and all commit; for, in every instance, courage, if crowned with success, is heroism; if clouded by defeat, temerity.

AN INGENIOUS BOOT-BLACK.

The street boot-blacks are one of the "institutions" of New York, as well as of some other large cities. You see them on the side-walks, in and around the hotels, and frequently on the ferry-boats. They carry a box containing their "kit of implements," the brushes, blacking boxes, etc. This is suspended by a strap over the shoulders, and when a customer nods assent to their generally polite invitation, "black yer boots?" or "shine up, sir?" they quickly set down their box for your feet to rest on, drop upon their knees on the pavement, and work as rapidly as possible, so as not to detain their patrons. They first turn up the pants, to keep them from being soiled, then with one brush they clean the boots, with another applying the blacking, and with two others, one in each hand, polish away. They return a "thank ye" for the half dime, or dime, given for their labor. These boys are generally so polite and industrious that we rather like them, and sometimes take a "shine up," just to see them work, and to chat with the smart little fellows. Here is a case illustrating their ingenuity:

A well dressed man standing at a hotel door, not long since, was hailed by one of them with the usual questions:

"Shine up, sir?"

"What do you charge for blacking boots?" asked the man, who was somewhat noted for stinginess.

"Five cents," was the reply.

"Too much, too much; I'll give you three cents," said the man.

"All right," said the youngster, and at it he went with might and main, and very soon had one boot shining like a mirror; but instead of commencing on the other, he began to pack up his brushes.

"You have'nt finished!" exclaimed the man.

"Never mind," replied the boot-black, with a twinkle of his eye, "I won't charge you for any thing I've done; there comes a customer who pays."

The man glanced at the shining boot, then at the other, which was rusty and besprinkled with mud, thought of the rediculous figure he would make with *one* polished boot, and amid the laughter of the bystanders agreed to give the sharp boy ten cents to finish the job, which he did in double-quick time with pleasure.

AN ABRIDGED SERMON.

Abridgment of a sermon which took up an hour in delivering, from these words—"Man is born to trouble."

My friends, the subject falls naturally to be divided into four heads:—

1. Man's entrance into the world.
2. His progress through the world.
3. His exit from the world; and
4. Practical reflections from what may be said.

First, then;

1. Man came into this world naked and bare;
2. His progress through it is trouble and care.
3. His exit from it none can tell where.—
4. But if he does well here, he'll do well there.

Now, I can say no more, my brethren dear,

Should I preach on this subject from this time to next year.

Amen.

A RELIEVED HUSBAND.

We extract the following little sketch from Barry Gray's new book, "Matrimonial Infelicities: "

My wife has gone to visit her mother—I am happy to be able to state that the children accompanied her. Peace, quietness and felicity reign in my dwelling. I come and go unquestioned. I stay out late of nights, without fear of rebuke. I lie abed of mornings, and no one insists on my getting up. My friends pass the evening with me, and there will be none to tell me the next day that the window curtains are filled with tobacco smoke, and the parlor has the fragrance of a bar-room. If two or three friends come home to dine with me, the cook never asks why I brought them, or complains of a headache. What is more, she does not insist on having a new silk dress every week, or burst into tears if I utter rude and naughty words. The fact is, if there be one thing that I like more than another, it is to have my wife visit her mother.

Poker Sharpe says his wife is equal to five "fulls"—beauti-ful, duti-ful, arm-ful, youth-ful, and awful!

TAXES.

"Here," says an English paper, "the school boy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road: and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., into a silver spoon, which has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent., and expires in the arms of a taxed apothecary, who has paid a license of one hundred pound sterling, for the privilege of practicing his calling. His whole property is then taxed from two to ten per cent.; and besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel, his virtues are handed down to posterity upon taxed marble, and he is at length gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more."

How much of the above is applicable to the present state of affairs in this country?

SIMPLICITY IN DRESS.

Those who think that in order to dress well it is necessary to dress extravagantly or grandly, make a great mistake. Nothing so well becomes true feminine beauty as simplicity. We have seen many a remarkably fine person robbed of its true effect by being over dressed. Nothing is more unbecoming than over loading beauty. The stern simplicity of the classic taste is seen in the old statues and pictures painted by men of superior artistic genius. In Athens, the ladies were not gaudily but simply arrayed, and we doubt whether any ladies ever excited more admiration. So also the noble old Roman matrons, whose superb forms were gazed on delightedly by men worthy of them, were always very plainly dressed. Fashion often presents the hues of the butterfly, but fashion is not a classic goddess.

Before you ask a man a favor, consult the weather. The same person who is ugly as sin while a cold rain is spitting against the window glass, will no sooner feel the gladdening influence of a little quiet sunshine than his heart will expand like a rose bud. Ladies will remember this when upon the eve of proposing to "his lordship," for any thing in the shape of "greenbacks."

THE GAITER BOOT.

O, dainty foot!
 O, gaiter boot!
 To piety you're shocking;
 We only know
 Of one thing worse,
 And that's a snow-white stocking!

So neat and clean
 Together seen,
 E'en stoics must agree
 To you to vote
 What Gray once wrote,
 A handsome L—E—G.

The lasting theme
 Of midnight dream—
 The very soul of song;
 Man wants you little
 Here below,
 And never wants you long.

My Plato ne'er
 Sent tripping here;
 By Pluto rather given,
 To lead poor man,
 (An easy plan),
 To any place but heaven.

Yet still we vow
 There's magic now
 About a woman's foot;
 And cunning was
 The wizard hand
 That made a gaiter boot;

For while the knave
 The gaiter gave
 To mortals, to ensnare them,
 Mankind he hoaxed,
 And even coaxed
 The angels down to wear them.

It is a curious fact that Victor Hugo should labor under the delusion that he had mistaken his avocation, and that as a painter he would have achieved greater fame.

POLLY.

Brown eyes,	Wide awake,
Little nose,	As you hear,
Dirty pies,	“Mercy’s sake,
Rumpled clothes.	Quiet, dear!”
Torn books,	New shoes,
Spoilt toys;	New frock;
Arch looks,	Vague views
Unlike a boy’s;	Of what’s o’clock,
Little rages,	When it’s time
Obvious arts;	To go to bed,
(Three her age is),	And scorn sublime
Cakes, tarts;	For what is said;
Falling down	Folded hands,
Off chairs;	Saying prayers,
Breaking crown	Understandings
Down stairs;	Not, nor cares;
Catching flies	Thinks it odd,
On the pane;	Smiles away;
Deep sighs—	Yet may God
Cause not plain	Hear her prayer!
Bribing you	Bedgown white,
With kisses	Miss Doll;
For a few	Good night!—
Farthing blisses;	That’s Polly.
	Fast asleep,
	As you see;
	Heaven keep
	My girl for me!

LIGHT AND GROWTH.—Light is just as essential to a child as to a plant. When the latter is kept in the dark it soon loses its shape, flavor, and color — becomes etiolated or blanched, slender and weak. Deprivation of light has a similar effect on the human frame, and is naturally more marked and more disastrous in childhood than in maturity. Light evidently aids the development of the different parts of the body, and the occasional exposure of its whole surface to the action of the solar ray is very favorable to its regular confirmation.

THE BEAUTIFUL MONTMORENCI; OR, THE BOLD HIGHWAYMAN.

Cecile Montmorenci was a beautiful French woman, peerless in charms amid the lovely galaxy of the fair women that sparkled at the court of Charles the Second of England.

The sway over those gay gallants, at once fascination and self-protective dignity, was far superior to that which the poor neglected Queen Catharine had exercised in her palmiest days.

No eyes there had such deep, sweet brightness as hers, no lip such arch and irresistible smiling, and when she walked the Graces seemed to order every movement.

It was well understood that Lord Cleves was the humblest of devotees at the shrine of the fair Cecile; not that there were not a score or more fully devoted as he, but that my Lord of Cleves was as much without his peer among the men as Cecile among the women of the court.

Secretly, the beautiful Montmorenci loved him passionately; but, for reasons of her own, would not confess it, and evaded all his protestations of affection with true and provoking French facility.

My lord was often in despair at her caprices and coquetry, and with the modesty of a deserving and honest gentleman, imagined nothing less than that she held him in any higher favor than the rest, who were as ready as he to do her behests.

The beautiful Montmorenci was a mystery. Beyond her assumed French nativity and the location of the sumptuous residence she called hers, not even Charles himself knew.

The portals of this residence had never been passed save by royalty and a privileged few, but there were rare rumors as to the magnificence of its interior and the splendor of its appointments.

The majority of the time it remained closed almost hermetically, only opening to admit of the ingress and egress of its lovely mistress, and sometime when such was her whim, closing upon her for days at a time.

The servants were utterly devoted to her, and absolutely incorruptible.

The utmost vigilance and watchful surveillance of court gossips had only succeeded in eliciting a rumor, vague as improbable, that there were within the Montmorenci palace two children, lovely as

cherubs, and clad and served with a sumptuousness and magnificence befitting royalty itself.

All the industry of these indefatigable people, however, never dared assail the purity of Cecile's snowy name with as much as a shadowing thought.

At this time the vicinity of London was haunted by a highwayman--many of course--but by one of such dashing and brilliant daring, of such matchless and unheard-of intrepidity, such marvelous scathlessness, such seeming facility of being in half-a-dozen places at the same moment, or else having as many "doubles," that all London was agape and quaked in its shoes and furbelows; especially did they quake who had a habit of bejeweling themselves plentifully, for those were sure sooner or later to meet the audacious (and it was said wonderfully handsome) highwayman, and be deftly and gracefully relieved of such incumbrances.

The old Dutchess of Shrewsbury, who was notorious for the splendor of her diamonds and the hardness of her heart, had been approached while returning from a call in the suburbs, well guarded too, and rifled of precious stones to an immense value. Singularly enough, the same week her grace's menials, who were remunerated by her at a most niggardly rate, received from some unknown hand largesse equal to more than a year of their usual wages.

Sir Chauncey Landsell, a most disagreeable fop and braggadocio, was sent home from a similar trip, not only minus all valuables of money and jewelry, but barefoot, and without hat or coat; and the following night, a poor old lady and her lovely daughter, who happened to be Sir Chauncey's mother and sister, found a literal pot of gold just within their door.

King Charles himself had been manipulated by this adroit scapegrace, his royalty proving no more protection than his guards, and Queen Catharine, whose wardrobe was notoriously deficient through the small parsimoniousness of her lord and master, found in her dressing room, upon rising the following morning, the most superb robes, trimmed with minever and embroidered with seed pearls, that it had been her fortune to behold since the early days of her being England's queen.

These are a few of the freaks that this singular personage was constantly performing. At first his exploits were confined to the suburbs and vicinity, but finally he became so daring as to haunt, with the most unparalleled audacity, the very public streets of London. Nobody was safe from him; one was as liable to encounter

him as another. Large rewards were offered for his apprehension, but in vain. It was thought by many that the poor of London, upon whom this fellow was ever bestowing a liberal share of his ill-gotten gains; often hid him, and helped him away when otherwise escape would have been impossible.

I have said that the fair Montmorenci had her whims. One seized her about this time to promise her fair hand to him who should succeed in apprehending the slippery highwayman.

The whole court went wild with excitement then, and the court gallants paraded the streets with drawn sword and rapier, and a most remarkable retinue of armed attendants, from dusk till dawn and from dawn till dusk, becoming each one in turn the victim of some practical but expensive joke at the hands of him they sought, that made them each in turn the laughing stock of the rest. In some unwary moment the cunning robber pounced upon every one of them.

As it chanced, my Lord of Cleves had never yet met this young scapegrace—this handsome rogue; for all concurred in pronouncing him quite young, and the ladies vowed there was not a gentleman at court that equaled him in the luster of his eyes, the beauty of his complexion, or the grace of his bearing.

My Lord of Cleves took no armed retainers with him, and he made himself one blaze of jewelry; but though plenty of smaller fry relieved his person of some of its glitter, the bold highwayman did not attack him—perhaps awed by the redoubtable prowess of my lord, which, indeed, had been much talked of in the late wars.

Finally, Robert, Lord of Cleves, began to suspect that this fellow really avoided him, and without informing any one of his purpose, he disguised himself in the attire of a common person, and so he frequented the streets.

His perseverance and ingenuity were rewarded. He several times beheld the handsome highwayman, nearly or remote, and could, he flattered himself, upon several occasions have secured him; but for some reason he did not avail himself of the opportunity at once.

He first sought the beautiful queen of his heart, Cecile Montmorenci, and, approaching her with a confidence that had never before possessed him, craved of her a private interview, that he might confer with her upon matters concerning this fellow, for whose apprehension she had offered the sweet and priceless gift of her hand.

Strangely enough, Cecile, who had hitherto refused to accord him such privilege, granted it now, and with a droop of her lovely head,

a flushing of her exquisite face, that nearly distracted him with rapture.

He led her into the perfumed and softly illuminated gardens of the palace. They paced the shadowed avenues, her little hand fluttering within his arm, and his heart throbbing madly against her hand. Both were tremulous with rapture and fear at thus being alone and together, for the first time ; both were too happy to speak.

But he might never have another opportunity. The precious, present moment must be improved. Suddenly he bent his head toward hers.

“Cecile, I love you,” he said, passionately.

“Yes, my lord,” she answered, giving him a roguish flash from under her long lashes.

That one glance dropped scales from the eyes of my lord. He saw, suddenly, what he had not the remotest suspicion of before. He stood like one petrified, for an instant, and then asked, eagerly :

“If I succeed in securing this clever highwayman, this fair hand is to be my reward ? ”

“Yes, my lord,” in tones of ravishing sweetness.

“Behold, then ! ” he clasped her to him. “Cecile, I hold him in my arms ; he is here ; Cecile, my own.”

Cecile did not answer. She lay, pallid and drooping as a broken lily, upon his bosom.—He recalled her to life with his kisses pressed with passionate fervor upon her white face. He called her every fond and endearing name, of those that had hidden so long in his heart for her.

She writhed herself presently out of his arms, and knelt at his feet, weeping bitterly. When he would have lifted her, she cried out :

“No, no, my lord, here, and here only will I stay, till I have told you all,” and, as he remained mute with astonishment, she went on briefly thus : “It is true, my lord. Poor Cecile and the villain who robbed you all so cunningly, are one. Yet hear my provocation.

“My father, dead now—was Earl of Arundel—so good and faithful a friend to Charles the First, that he lost his estates in consequence, and was driven out of the kingdom to France where he married my mother. Our present king upon receiving his own rights, carelessly refused to restore to my father his, bestowing them instead upon one of his favorites. My father died of the disappointment, and my mother’s heart broke for him. We were left—his three chil-

dren, my two young sisters mere babes, and myself a young girl—to the mercy of a cruel world.

“Full of indignation and bitterness I conceived the scheme of coming hither and supporting myself and my sisters in the magnificence which was our due, and at the expense of those who had usurped our rights, quite as much as Cromwell did those of Charles. I have done so. If I have robbed, I have righted also. I have never taken, save from those who had more than they deserved, and I have shared with those who needed. My lord, I am at your mercy.”

She rose and stood half haughty, half suppliant, a little away from him.

My Lord of Cleves did not hesitate. Kneeling in his turn, he extended his arms, saying only,

“Cecile, I love you, and I forgive all.”

“My lord, my love, my life,” she murmured, as he clasped her.

The twain agreed that the past should be as though it had not been. But my Lord and the Lady of Cleves, bestowed at their marriage, most wonderful gifts to the poor, and the church, and it was rumored when the bold highwayman appeared no more, that the Lord of Cleves had met him in single combat, and either cut off his head, or exacted from him a promise to quit the kingdom upon peril of the same.

A CHRISTMAS ANECDOTE.

An amusing anecdote is related of Henry IV of France, who, wishing to entertain the English ambassador on Christmas day with a plum-pudding, procured an excellent recipe for making one, which he gave to his cook, with strict injunctions that it should be prepared with due attention to all the particulars. The weight of the ingredients, the size of the boiler, the quantity of water, the time, everything was attended to except one trifle; but the king forgot the cloth or bag into which the materials were to be put, and the pudding consequently was served up like so much soup, in immense tureens, to the surprise of the ambassador, who was, however, too well bred to express his astonishment.

A Welsh editor says, “If we have offended any man in the short but brilliant course of our career, let him send us a new hat and say nothing about it.”

A LEGAL PILL.

The late Mr. Peter Burrows, an eminent Irish barrister, was on one occasion, while defending a prisoner, oppressed with a cough, which he sought to soften by the occasional use of lozenges. The client, whom he was defending, was indicted for murder, and it was deemed important, in his defense, to produce the bullet with which it was alleged the deed was done. This he was about to do, and held the bullet in one hand and a lozenge in the other, when, in the ardor of advocacy, he forgot which was which, and, instead of the lozenge, swallowed the bullet.

WOMAN'S HEART.

There is a period in the early life of every true woman when moral and intellectual growth seems, for the time, to cease. The vacant heart seeks for an occupant. The intellect, having appropriated aliment requisite to the growth of the uncrowned feminine nature, feels the necessity of more intimate companionship with the masculine mind, to start it on its second period of development. Here, at this point, some stand for years, without making a step in advance. Others marry, and astonish, in a few years, by their sweet temper, new beauty, high accomplishments, and noble womanhood, those whose blindness led them to suppose they were among the incurably heartless and frivolous.

ECONOMY AS A FINE ART.

In the autobiography of Dr. Beecher, mention is made of a certain "old Dr. —", who was so economical that he boasted of having kept all his accounts for thirty years with one quill pen; and said he had thought so closely on the subject of economy, that he knew exactly how to lean his arm on the table so as not to take the nap off, and how to set down his foot with the least possible wear to the sole of his shoe."

It is a source of great comfort to a man, with but a dollar in his pocket, to know that if he can not invest in five-twenties, he can in twenty-fives.

A HIGH WIND.

Old Peter H—— lived in a one story wooden house of not very extensive dimensions, and when it was subjected to the force of one of those hurricanes so numerous of late years in the west, its power of resistance was insufficient to withstand so great a pressure, and it yeilded the point without a struggle—however, it was not upset or torn to pieces, but merely moved a few rods. In the course of the journey the stove spilt out and the danger of conflagration was imminent. Old Peter was too much excited to notice the removal of his house, and seeing the necessity of immediately applying water to the burning embers on the floor, seized the bucket and darted out, when great was his astonishment to find all traces of the well obliterated. After looking in blank astonishment a moment, he called out to his wife, “Sarah, I’ll blamed if the wind has not blowed the well clear out of the lot! There’s not so much as a stone left!”

BENEFITS OF ADVERSITY.

A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner; neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness or happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties, excite the invention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyager. The martyrs and confessors of ancient times, in bracing their minds to outward calamity, acquired a loftiness of purpose, a moral heroism, that was worth a life of softness and security.

HISTORIC PROBLEM.

In a recent history of England from the fall of Woolsey to the death of Elizabeth, written by Frouse, are published letters to Bothwell, which have been found in Spain, and if genuine, prove beyond all question, that Mary, Queen of Scots, designed and caused the death of Darnley, her husband.

“I have millions of money,” said a dashing gent to a girl about to run away with him, “but you might as well scrape up all the jewels and spare change you have got.”

"Where do you hail from?" queried a Yankee of a traveler.

"Where do you rain from?"

"Don't rain at all," said the astonished Jonathan.

"Neither do I hail, so mind your own business."

A clergyman, consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, remarked that she could not find his equal. "I don't know about that," remarked the sobbing fair one, "but I'll try."

Fanny Fern, who ought to know, says, speaking of cotton: The ladies, we all know, owe something of their angelic symmetry to the pure and delicate Southern staple. Of all the products of the earth it is nearest to their hearts.

Sheridan, when charged with inconsistency, retorted that the accusation reminded him of the reasoning of the entertainer of a convivial party, who, hearing his friends observe that it was time to take leave, as the watchman was crying, "Past three," said:

"Why, you don't mind that fellow, do you? He's the most inconsistent fellow out! He changes his story every half hour."

A newly married couple went to Niagara on a visit, and the gentleman, in order to convince his dear that he was as brave as he was gallant, resolved to go down into the "cave of winds." She, of course, objected; but finding that he was determined, affectionately requested him to leave his pocket book and watch behind.

A young lady remarked that she could not understand "what her brother George Henry saw in the girls that he liked them so well; and that for her part, she would not give the company of one young man for that of twenty girls."

A wedding was interrupted lately in Colchester, England, by the levity of the groom. All went well until the clergyman required the bridegroom to repeat after him the words, "I—, take — to be my wedded wife * * * for better, for worse," etc., when he altered the formula to "I'll take her for better, but not for worse." The minister immediately closed the book, and quitted the church.

"Mr. Brown, why do you wear that shocking bad wideawake?" inquired a neighbor.

"Because, my dear sir," said he, "Mrs. Brown vows that she will not go out of the house with me till I get a decent hat!"

DRESSING FOR CHURCH.

Has any body heard the bell?
 You have?—dear me I know full well!
 I'll never dress in time—
 For mercy's sake, come help me, Luce,
 I'll make my toilet very spruce—
 This silk is quite sublime!

Here, lace this gaiter for me—do!
 “A hole!” you say? plague take the shoe!
 Please, Lucy, try and hide it—
 Just think, it's Sunday, and, my soul,
 I can not wear it with a hole!
 The men will surely spy it.

They're always peeping at our feet,
 (Tho', to be sure, they need n't peep,
 The way we hold our dresses!)
 I'll disappoint them, though, to-day!
 “And cross myself,” pray did you say?
 Do n't laugh at my distresses!

How splendidly the silk will rustle!
 (Please hand my “self-adjusting bustle,”
 My corset and my hoop);
 There, now, I'll take five skirts or six—
 Do hurry, Luce, and help me fix,
 You know I can not stoop!

“How shall I say my prayers to-day?”
 As if girls went to church to pray!
 How can you be so foolish?
 Here, damp this ribbon in cologne;
 “What for?” to paint, you silly one—
 Now, Lucy, do n't be mulish.

Now then, my hat—how he abhors
 This thing—it's big as all out doors—
 The frightful sugar scoop;
 Thank heaven, my cloak is handsome, too,
 It cost enough to be, I know—
 (Straighten this horrid hoop!)

My handkerchief and gloves you'll find
 Just in that drawer. Luce, are you blind?

(Does my dress trail?)
 It's all the fashion now, you know;
 (Pray, does the paint and powder show
 Through my loose vail?)

Thank you, my dear, I b'lieve I'm dress'd;
 The saints be praised! the day of rest
 Comes only once in seven;
 For if, on all the other six,
 This trouble I shall have to fix
 I'd never get to heaven!

A humorous writer thus discourses of the depravity of inanimate things. Everybody, of course has been amazed at the propensity of vinegar and catsup, of gravies and pudding sauces, to make their extra-malicious displays on superfine damask. And everybody has been dismayed at the itching of glass and chinaware, of costly mirrors and the like, to get cracked or smashed; of Britannia, plated and silver wares incurably to dent and jam themselves; of chair-rockers to stub the toes of dignified women, trip up tall men, and throw infant victims shrieking upon the floor. We have seen children angrily thrash these perverse rockers and other sharp cornered things; and we have seen well-bred adults looking as if they would thrash them if they only dared. Mind, I don't say I ever felt so myself).

Those of us who lived in the generation anterior to kerosene, can bear painful testimony to the wicked inclination of old-fashioned glass lamps to tip over, break, and deluge new ingrain carpets with vilest oil. You might apply Indian meal, French clay, whatever you pleased, for successive days, spreading papers on the top, and pressing the whole with hot irons. You removed your appliances, but the oil was n't removed. You washed with hot suds, and fancied that, at last, you were successful. The next day that atrocious grease spot, in spite of your regenerating processes, stared at you in his stubborn depravity, broader and brighter than ever.

Some leading Manchester men, in view of the end of the American war, propose to start a joint-stock company for the erection of calico and linen mills in various parts of the west of Ireland.

HABITS.

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief which pernicious habits have brought together by unseen accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

A SHORT ROMANCE.

The following romantic incident is said to have occurred a few years before the Russian conquest of Armenia. The Sirdar fell violently in love with a beautiful Armenia maiden, and demanded her from her parents. Their supplications and those of the girl herself were unavailing, for although she had a lover she was not formally betrothed; she was consequently carried off to the harem. During the night her lover entered the palace gardens and in a low voice commenced singing beneath the windows of the harem, in the hope that she would hear him. Soon a window was opened and some one leaped out. Fearing that his singing had betrayed him, he fled; but as he heard nothing more he crept back and found his beloved fastened in the branches of a tree, which had broken her descent to the ground. He helped her down and they prepared for flight, but, being overheard, they were pursued and caught, and in the morning they were brought before the Sirdar; when the latter had heard the circumstances of the case, he exclaimed, "I see in the sight of God, you are already betrothed. Lovers so true should never be parted; live happily together, and God be with you!"

"Come here my little fellow," said a gentleman to a youngster of five years, while sitting in a parlor where a large company were assembled. "Do you know me?" "Yith, thir." "Who am I? Let me hear?" "You ith the man who kithed mamma, when papa was in New York."

GOODNESS.

Did it ever strike you that goodness is not merely a beautiful thing, but *the* beautiful thing—by far the most beautiful thing in the world? and that badness is not an ugly thing, but *the* ugliest thing in the world? So that nothing is to be compared for value with goodness; that riches, honor, power, pleasure, learning, the whole world and all in it, are not worth having in comparison with being good; and the utterly best thing for a man is to be good, even though he were never to be rewarded for it; and the utterly worst thing for a man is to be bad, even though he were never punished for it; and, in a word, goodness is the only thing worth loving, and badness the only thing worth hating.

SIGNIFICANT REPLY.

One day last week a young merchant who had just failed in business, having spent in four years a legacy of ten thousand dollars, in addition to any profits realized, was met by a thrifty mechanic, who had formerly been on terms of intimacy with him. During the conversation that ensued, the merchant said to him:

“How is it Harry, that you have been able to live and save money on the small sum which you receive for your services, while I found it impossible to live in my business, with a good round ten thousand dollars to back me.”

“Oh,” said the mechanic, “that is easily understood. I have lived with reference, mostly, to the comforts and tastes of myself and family; while you have, mostly, with reference to the opinions and tastes of others. It cost more to please the eye than to keep the back warm and stomach full.”

A traveler was lately boasting of the luxury of arriving at night, after a hard day's journey, to partake of the enjoyment of a well cut ham and the left leg of a goose.

“Pray, sir, what is the peculiar luxury of a left leg?”

“Sir, to conceive its luxury, you must find that it is the only leg that is left!”

"Lad, you know that brass thing the feller gin me for my trunk, there at the depot?"

"Yes."

"Well, 'twan't nothin' but brass, was it?

"I 'spose not."

"Good! Wa'al, I tucked it on that hackman back there for a quarter, and he went off satisfied."

Jonathan found out what kind of a game he had played when he saw the hackman present his check and take his trunk from the baggage master, in spite of his own loud protestations that it belonged to him.

Lalande, the French astronomer, when the revolution broke out, leaving the political revolution to go on as it listed, only paid the more attention to the revolution of the heavenly bodies: and when he found, at the end, that he had escaped the fury of Robespierre and his fellow ruffians, he gracefully remarked: "I may thank my stars for it."

Dr. A., physician at Newcastle, being summoned to a vestry, in order to reprimand the sexton for drunkenness, he dwelt so long on the sexton's misconduct, as to draw from him this expression—

"Sir, I thought you would have been the last man to appear against me, as I have covered so many blunders of yours!"

An instrument called a bathoreometer has been invented, depending on the principle of closing an electric circuit by means of a substance interposed between the electrodes, by which thicknesses of substances, such as hair, spider's webs, etc., may be determined with exactness to the twelve-millionth part of an inch.

Tastes differ with regard to birds. The infant delights in crows, but hates the thrush; some lunatics are raven mad; gluttons are fond of swallows; persons with colds indulge in hawks; artillerists fancy parrots; misers cultivate the golden eagles; gamblers like pigeons and gulls; thieves go in for robin; fast men glory in a lark; and every good husband loves his duck of a wife.

Men are more civilized by their pleasures than their occupations. Business dispenses not only with ceremony, but often with common civility; and we should become rude, repulsive, and ungracious, did we not recover in our recreations the urbanity which, in the bustle of our labors, we disregard.

The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something and those who sit still and inquire—“Why wasn’t it done the other way?”

Happiness and pride are absolutely incompatible. Continual vexations, fancied slights and injuries, provoke and wound the self sufficient mind. We are never more in danger of being subdued, than when we think ourselves invincible.

“Mary,” said one pretty girl to another, “can you make up your mind to marry that odious Mr. Snuff?” “Why, my dear Julia,” was the reply, “I don’t know but what I might *take* him at a *pinch*.”

“Going, going, just a going!” cried out an auctioneer.

“Where are you going?” asked a passer by.

“Well,” replied the knight of the hammer, “I’m going to the Zoological Gardens, to tell the managers that one of their baboons is loose.”

In Sacramento recently, a woman procured the release of her husband from jail, and that night ran off with another fellow. Her object in procuring her husband’s release was, to leave somebody in charge of the children. She was a considerate woman.

A captain on a steamboat on the Mississippi River, who had fought in the battles of the Texas Revolution, offered a free passage in his boat to any soldier who had participated in a certain engagement. One day, a man claimed a free passage, asserting that he was in the battle. He was referred to the captain.

“In what capacity did you serve?”

“High private,” was the reply.

“Stranger,” said the captain, “give me your hand; I have passed two thousand and eighty two who were in that fight, and you are the first private I have seen!”

It is not quite true that “all prosperous men can give good counsel,” and that, “they like to do it.” Good counsel is one of the rarest and most difficult things to get. The prosperous man is not always wise. There is a proverb that “fools have fortune.” So far as fortune means worldly wealth, this is true. Men who are fools in other respects gather riches by a kind of instinct, as rats hoard grain.

The utmost of woman's character is contained in domestic life; first her piety toward God, and next in the duties of a daughter, a wife, a mother, and a sister.

Never look at girls. They can't bear it; they regard it as an insult. They wear their feathers, furbelows, and frills merely to gratify their mammas, that's all.

The Rocky Mountain News tells of an enthused young Missourian, who, eulogizing the beauty of his "gal," said, "I'll be doggoned if she hain't as pretty as a red wagon."

"There are people," says Mrs. Partington, "who can bathe with perfect impunity in water as cold as Greenland's icy mountains or India's coral strands; but, as for me, I prefer to bathe in water that's a leetle torpid."

Professor Drycuss, of California, was sitting with his wife in the observatory at San Francisco the other day, when Madam Professor stumped him by remarking:

"My dear, do you know that some of these nasty Chinamen put me more in mind of calves than human beings?"

"Eh! what?" said the Professor, pricking up his ears, as he first looked at the group of traveling Chinamen, and then at his best beloved; "what do you mean, Madam? Chinese like calves! pooh—pooh!"

"Not all, Professor," replied Mrs. D., "only those that came from Macao" (pronounced "Macow"); and the little woman looked up quizzically in his face.

"Martha," rejoined the Professor, as he looked smilingly down upon his better half, "that was a horrible 'bull!'"

A gentleman having lately been called on to subscribe to a course of lectures, declined, "because," said he, "my wife gives me a lecture every night for nothing."

A group of poor children were in riotous dispute. A boy shouted out, running, to a girl in the rival faction. "You needn't feel so smart! I saw your father dead drunk last night!" The girl's pose was magnificent as she turned upon the contemptible young bull, and said, slowly and impressively: "I thank your honor! I haven't got no father! my father's dead!"

Snooks wonders where all the pillow cases go to. He says that he never asked a girl what she was making, when she was engaged in white sewing, without having in answer:

“A pillow case.”

Yes, they have to “make shift” as best they can, and answer anything. A gentleman once asked a young lady of his acquaintance :

“What are you making, Miss Knapp?”

“Knapp-sack,” was the quick reply.

A clergyman was once sent for in the middle of the night, by one of the ladies of his congregation.

“Well, my good woman,” said he, so you are ill, and require the consolations of religion? What can I do for you?”

“No,” replied the old lady, “I am only nervous, and can not sleep.”

“How can I help that?” asked the parson.

“Oh, sir, you always put me to sleep so nicely, when I go to church, that I thought if you would only preach a little for me!”

The parson “made tracks.”

The good things of this life are like the inside seats of an omnibus on a wet day. To gain them you must struggle and push the instant they are vacant. Wait, and you have to go outside or lose them altogether.

As winds the ivy around a tree, as to the crag the moss patch roots, so clings my constant soul to thee! my own, my beautiful—my boots!

Only to the perfect being in an imperfect world, or the imperfect being in a perfect world, is everything irretrievably out of joint.

Many persons are so fond of fun that they will drink it out of a cup that is but indifferently clean.

There is a greatness before which every other sinks into nothing; one which, when clearly seen in its true dignity, produces the most thrilling emotion of the heart. It is moral greatness—that undeviating rectitude of action which leads men to seek the best interests of others; that integrity of soul which binds man under every circumstances to truth and duty, and rears for him a monument encircled by that eternal radiance which issues from the throne of God.

FATE OF FAST MEN.

The vicious die early. They fall like shadows, or tumble wrecks and ruins into the grave—often while quite young, almost always before forty. “The wicked liveth not half his days.” The world at once ratifies the truth and assigns the reason, by describing the dissolute life of “fast young men ;” that is, they live fast; they spend their twelve hours in six, getting through the whole before the meridian, and dropping into the darkness while others are in the glory of light. “Their sun goeth down while it is day.” And they might have helped it. Many a one dies before he need. Young men of genius, like Burns and Byron, to whom, when dissipated and profligate, thirty-seven is so fatal, and your obscure and nameless wandering stars, who waste their time in libertine indulgence—they can not live, they must die early. They put on steam till they blow up the boiler. They run at such a rate that the fire goes out for want of fuel. The machinery is destroyed by rapid speed and reckless wear. Nothing can save them. Their physical system can not stand the strain they put to it, while the state of their minds is often such that the soul would eat the substance of the most robust body, and make for itself a way of escape from the incessant hell of its own thoughts.

PAT AND HIS PIG.

A rollicking Hibernian of the light division in the Peninsular was once trudging along the road with a pig on a string behind him, when, as bad luck would have it, he was overtaken by Gen. Canford. The salutation, as may be supposed, was not the most cordial.

“Where did you steal that pig, you plundering rascal ?”

“What pig, general ?” exclaimed the culprit, turning round with the most innocent surprise.

“Why, that pig you have behind you, you villain.”

“Well, then, I vow and protest, general,” rejoined Paddy, nothing abashed, and turning round to his four footed companion, as if he had never seen him before, “it is scandalous to think what a wicked world we live in, and how ready folks are to take away an honest boy’s character. Some blackguard wanting to get me into trouble, has tied that beast to my cartouche box.”

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

The beautiful extract below is from the pen of Hon. George S. Hillard:—I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven is said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good—from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that “the world knows nothing of its greatest men,” but there are forms of greatness or at least excellence, which “die and make no sign;” there are martyrs that miss the palm but not the stake; heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph.

A BEAUTIFUL PARAGRAPH.

The following lines are from Sir Humphrey Davy's *Salmonia*:

I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others, be it genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful to me, I should prefer a religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness, breathes new hopes, varnishes and throws over decay and the destructions of existence the most gorgeous light; awakens life, even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the garden of the blest, and security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and Skeptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation and despair.

Jones and Brown were talking lately of a young clergyman whose preaching they had heard that day. The sermon was like a certain man mentioned in a certain biography, “very poor and very pious.”

“What do you think of him?” inquired Brown.

“I think,” said Jones, “he did much better two years ago.”

“Why, he didn’t preach at all then,” said Brown.

“True,” replied Jones, “that is what I mean.”

TAKE YOUR CHANCES.

Sitting by the road side,
 Watching all the faces
 Of the earnest travelers
 Toiling into places;
 Wondering what tells them
 Just the very hour
 When the way is open
 Unto wealth and power,
 Are the poor unlucky ones,
 Wrapt in dreamy trances,
 Wasting all their summer sun,
 Losing all their chances.

Climbing up the hill top,
 Senses sharply goaded,
 While the morning dew is wet,
 Rifle capped and loaded;
 Ready if the game springs—
 Hopeful heart fast beating!
 Onward, up the hill of life,
 Not a step retreating,
 Ever go the lucky ones,
 Courting fortune's glances,
 Jumping over lazy dogs,
 Taking all their chances.

Reader, note the moral,
 Clinging to my rhyming:
 Those who gain the mountain top,
 Do their share of climbing;
 Work you with a heart and will,
 Smiling at reverses,
 Upward! *ever up* the hill
 Spite of hate or curses;
 Meeting foes with cold contempt,
 Friends with warm advances,
 And whatever happens, mind,
 Be sure and take your chances.

DEFINING IT.—A lady once asked a gentleman what wit was like; to which he replied, "Like your ladyship's bottle of *sal volatile*—poignant at the first opening; but on being too much handed about, loses all its flavor and becomes insipid."

PEARLS.

When day her golden gates unbars
 The mussels of the ocean rise,
 And catch the tear drops of the stars
 That issue from their closing eyes;
 And then, 't is said, they sink again,
 And fix their sea shells to the sod,
 And guard, in silence, 'neath the main,
 Those dew-drops from the skies of God.

The sun looks down through all the days,
 And bright illumines the parent shell,
 And nourished by his genial rays,
 The little jewels shine and swell.
 Till all their mystic growth is done,
 And joined and freed from baser things.
 These lovely offsprings of the sun
 Become the pride of courts and kings.

And thus I caught, in days of youth,
 Thy truths and precepts, which, sublime,
 Were nurtured by the rays of Truth,
 And moistened by the dews of Time;
 And now, when years with onward roll
 Have passed me in Life's mazy whirl,
 I ope the casket of my soul,
 And lo! thy precepts are a pearl.

ONE ENOUGH FOR HIM.—A middle-aged farmer and his wife were enjoying an evening cosily together, when the conversation turned upon religious matters, as described in the Bible, which the man had open before him.

“Wife,” said the farmer, “I’ve been thinking what happy society Solomon must have had in his day with so many wives, etc., as he is represented.”

“Indeed!” replied the wife, somewhat miffed, “you had better think of something else, then. A pretty Solomon you would make — why, you can’t take proper care of one wife. What a pretty figure you would cut, then, with a dozen wives, and all of them as spunky as I am!”

The farmer silently took his hat and went out to the stable to feed the cattle for the night.

SOLDIER WIT.

A feature of the war literature of the country during the last four years, has been the terse, expressive wit, with which many a humbug and sham has been labeled and sent forth to the world with some new but highly expressive name. Not to cite familiar illustrations of this, there is something nearly allied to it in the amusing use made by the returned veterans of the word "brevet," the honors of which they seem to think extremely easy, so they characterize whatever is of an inferior grade as a "brevet." Thus, a stubborn mule is a "brevet horse." A regiment recently returned from the long and wearisome detention in Texas, after being mustered out there and retained, under military restrictions, to be paid off and discharged here, styled themselves "brevet citizens."

"Who is that doubtful looking female hanging to Jack," said one.

"Oh! that's his brevet wife."

The rank and file do not seem to rate brevet commissions at much above their cost—a view in which many of the officers concur.

The other day a lady was examining the fine shawls and cloaks upon the life size frames in a store in Hartford, and finally found a silk cloak that pleased her very much, and she raised it up, examined it carefully and freely and was at the conclusion very much astonished to find that she had been making free with the dress of a lady customer, who very quietly stood as still as a lay figure, till all of the trimmings of her dress had been well examined.

Insects must generally lead a jovial life. Think, what it must be to lodge in a lily! Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with pillars of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never arose from a human censer! Fancy, again, the fun of tucking yourself up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of a summer air, and nothing to do when you wake but to wash yourself in a dewdrop, and fall to and eat your bed clothes!

A modern writer gives the following enumeration of the expressions of a female eye: "The glare, the stare, the sneer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glance of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, and the luster of pleasure.

THE PRICE OF A BREAKFAST.

Three friends were walking in the streets of Paris one morning. One said, "I'm for an excellent breakfast." Said the second, "I'm for one, even abating some of the excellence." Said the third, "I could be content with none of the excellence at all, provided it were only a breakfast." "How much money would produce us one?" inquired the first; and it was agreed that ten francs would suffice. "I have an idea!" cried one. The three friends then turned into a music publisher's in the neighborhood; and the young man with the idea addressed the principal: "Monsieur, this gentleman has composed a capital melody; this other gentleman has written the words, and I, as the only one of the party with any thing like a voice, propose singing to you." The publisher demurred, but being in want of a new thing to open a *cafe chantant* with, agreed to hear it. "It is pretty simple," he said, "but I don't mind giving 15 francs for it;" and the three artists departed delightfully to their breakfast. The name of the libretist of the said song was Alfred de Musset, the composer was Hippolyte Monpou, and the singer Gilbert Louis Duprez. The song was called "L'Andalouse," was sung in all the cafes and salons, and brought the lucky publisher 40,000 francs.

A CURIOUS TRIBE.

A curious story is told in the *Archives Medicale*s of the French marine. In 1849 a Portuguese trader, named Da Souza, died at Wildah, in Dahomey. He had gained a large fortune as a slave dealer, and, having lived according to the fashions of his adopted country, left a hundred children. Jealous of the growth of a race of half-breeds among his people, the King of Dahomey compelled the family Da Souza to reside in a particular locality, and prohibited them from marrying except among themselves. This order has been rigorously carried out, and in 1863 notice was taken of the children of the third generation. The color of their skin was rapidly becoming a deep black, although they preserved some of the European features of their progenitor, old Da Souza. It is asserted that no member of this family have been deaf or dumb, blind, idiotic, or rickety; but, on the other hand, they are continually declining in numbers, and before long it is probable there will not a single survivor.

THE RIGHT USE OF REASON.

The late Dr. Henry Ware, when asked by a parent to draw up some set rules for the government of children, replied by an anecdote:

"Dr. Hitchcock," he said, "was settled at Sandwich; and when he made his first exchange with the Plymouth minister, he must needs pass through the Plymouth woods—a nine-miles wilderness, where travelers almost always got lost, and frequently came out at the point they started from. Dr. Hitchcock, on entering this much-dreaded labyrinth, met an old woman, and asked her to give him some directions for getting through the woods so as to fetch up at Plymouth, rather than Sandwich. 'Certainly,' she said, 'I will tell you all about it with the greatest pleasure. You will just keep on till you get some ways into the woods, and you will come to a place where several roads branch off. Then you must stop and consider, and take the one that seems to you most likely to bring you out right.' He did so, and came out right." Dr. W. added; "I have always followed the worthy and sensible old lady's advice in bringing up my children. I do not think any body can do better; at any rate, I can not." Good common sense, doubtless, is often better than all set rules; but the thing is, to have it.

MEMORY ACQUIRED BY PRACTICE.

The history of the celebrated conjurer, Robert Houdin, furnishes a remarkable example of the power of memory acquired by practice. He and his brother, while yet boys, invented a game which they played in this wise:—They would pass a shop window, and glance in it as they passed, without stopping, and then at the next corner compare notes and see who could recollect the greatest number of things in the window, including their relative positions. Having tested the accuracy of their observations by returning to the window, they would go and repeat the experiment elsewhere. By this means they acquired incredible powers of rapid observation and memory, so that after running by a shop window, and glancing as they passed, they would enumerate every article displayed in it.

THE AGE OF BEAUTY.

Old and middle aged women must not delude themselves with the idea that they will, under any circumstances, come in for a full share of gallantry to their sex. Not at all. You must be young and pretty and take your chance. Of course you can not be too pretty, and, what is more, you can not be too young. Balzac fixed on thirty as the age when all the charms and glory of womanhood reached their highest perfection. One half of that age would seem to be the ideal worshiped by a certain class of English writers. In private life one occasionally meets with men who have similar tastes—men who adore a girl when she can only simper and look silly, but who turn away with indifference from the matured thought and feeling of the adult women; men, to whom the wit, accomplishments, and sobered grace of five-and-twenty are imperceptible or insipid, but who are positively electrified by the monosyllabic prattle, the giggling awkwardness, the pouting impertinence—above all, by the short frocks and the frills of a garment *quod versus dicere non est* (which can not be named in verse,) of the bread-and-butter miss.

At one time the rich merchants and professional men of Philadelphia, proposed to form themselves into a social circle, from which all mechanics were to be excluded. The papers were drawn up for the purpose; and presented to Dr. Franklin for his signature. On examining its contents, he remarked that he could not consent to write his name, inasmuch as by excluding mechanics from their circle, they had excluded the Almighty, who was the greatest mechanic of the universe.

When you doubt between two words, choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew the fine words as you would rouge; love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheeks. Act as you might be disposed to do on your estate; employ such words as have the largest families, keeping clear of foundlings and of those of which nobody can tell whence they come, unless he happens to be a scholar.

The following inscription is to be seen over a soldier's grave in the Alexandria Military Cemetery:

“Unknown” is all the epitaph can tell;
If Jesus know thee, all is well.

AMERICAN BABIES.

Mr. Trollope, in his new novel, thus Americanizes:—"I must protest that American babies are an unhappy race. They eat and drink just as they please; they are never punished; they are never banished, snubbed, and kept in the back ground, as children are kept with us; and yet they are wretched and uncomfortable. My heart has bled for them as I have heard them squalling, by the hour together, in agonies of discontent and dyspepsia. Can it be, I wonder, that children are happier when they are made to obey orders, and are sent to bed at six o'clock, than when allowed to regulate their own conduct; that bread and milk is more favorable to laughter and soft childish ways than beef steak and pickles three times a day; that an occasional whipping, even, will conduce to rosy cheeks? It is an idea which I should never dare to broach to an American mother; but, I must confess that, after my travels on the Western Continent, my opinions have a tendency in that direction. Beef steaks and pickles certainly produce smart little men and women. Let that be taken for granted. But rosy laughter, and winning, childish ways are, I fancy, the product of bread and milk."

GOLDSMITH'S PATIENT.

A poor woman, understanding that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state. The good natured poet waited on them instantly, and after some discourse with the patient, found him sinking in sickness and poverty. The doctor told them they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send him some pills which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten guineas into a chip-box, with the following label: "These must be used as necessities require; be patient, and of good heart." He sent his servant with the prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to any thing Galen or his tribe could administer.

"It is very curious," said a young lady, "that a tortoise, from whom we get all our shell combs, has no hair."

FAST YOUNG LADIES.

In order to be a fast young lady, it is necessary to lay aside all reserve and refinement—every thing that savors of womanly weakness; to have no troublesome scruples, but to be ready to accord an appreciating smile to the broadest joke. There must be no feeling of dependence on the stronger sex; but, by adopting, as far as decency permits, masculine attire, masculine habits, and masculine modes of expression, accompanied by a thorough knowledge of slang, and a fluency in using it, these ladies show themselves to be above all narrow-minded prejudices. There must be no thinking about other people's feelings; if people will be thin skinned, let them keep out of their way at all events. Should "mamma" raise her voice in a feeble remonstrance, the fast young lady impresses upon her that "she is no judge of these matters. In her old school days, every thing and every one were slow; but it is quite changed now." In short, to sum up, to be a fast young lady, modesty, delicacy, refinement, respect for superiors, consideration for the aged, must all be set aside; and boldness, independence, irreverence, brusqueness, and, we fear, too often heartlessness, must take their place.

NATIONAL NICKNAMES.

The following are nicknames? of the different states, which we find in an exchange. The original of many of them would be an interesting study for the curious in such matters:

Maine, Foxes; New Hampshire, Granite Boys; Vermont, Green Mountain Boys; Massachusetts, Bay States; Rhode Island, Gun-flints; Connecticut, Wooden Nutmegs; New York, Knickerbockers; New Jersey, Clam Catchers; Pennsylvania, Leather Heads; Delaware, Blue Hen's Chickens; Maryland, Clam Thumpers; Virginia, Peagles; North Carolina, Tar Boilers; South Carolina, Weasels; Georgia, Buzzards; Louisiana, Pelicans; Alabama, Lizards; Kentucky, Corn Crackers; Ohio, Buckeyes; Michigan, Wolvereens; Indiana, Hoosiers; Illinois, Suckers; Missouri, Pukes; Arkansas, Toothpickers; Mississippi, Tadpoles; Florida, Fly-up-the-Creeks; Wisconsin, Badgers; Iowa, Hawkeyes; California, Gold Hunters; Oregon, Hard Cases; Nevada, Sage Hens; Kansas, Jayhawkers; Minnesota, Gophers; Texas, Beef Heads; Nebraska, Bug Eaters.

WOMAN.

Somebody who has "traveled," and taken a sober view of things generally, and woman in particular, gives the following advice to young men, and we know of no better way of setting it before them than by inserting it here, *Le voci*:

Young man, keep your eyes open when you are after a woman. If you bite at the naked hook you are green. Is a pretty dress or form so attractive; or a pretty face, even?—flounces, boy, are no sort of consequence. A pretty face will grow old. Paint will wash off. The sweet smile of the flirt will give way to the scowl of the termagant. Another and a far different being will take the place of the goddess who smiles and eats your sugar candy. The coquette will shine in the kitchen corner, and with the once sparkling eye and beaming countenance will look daggers at you. Beware! Keep your eye open, boy, when you are after the women. If the dear is cross, and scolds at her mother in the back room, you may be sure you will get particular tubs all over the house. If she blushes when found at domestic duties, be sure she is of the dish-rag aristocracy—little breeding and a great deal less sense. If you marry a girl who knows nothing but to commit woman slaughter on a piano, you have got the poorest piece of music ever got up. Find one whose mind is right, and then pitch. Boy, don't be hanging round like a sheep-thief, as though you were afraid of being seen in the day time, but walk up like a chicken to the dough pile, and ask for the article like a man."

The most absurd display in the Latin line which we have seen lately, was the apparent attempt of a clergyman, in a prayer at a recent celebration, to make the dead language intelligible to the Almighty: He said: "We thank thee, O Lord, that these, our friends, were thus permitted to die in battle for *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*—which means that it is sweet and honorable to die for one's country." It is very evident that the reverend gentleman addressed this prayer to his audience rather than his Maker.

"Give me a nice polish, you young scamp," said a dirty swell with a pipe and pork pie cap. "I can't give you one," said the lad; "it would take a cleverer 'man' nor me to do that. But I can polish your boots, Sir."

A FASHIONABLE LADY'S IDEA OF ECONOMY.

In no other city in the world, says a New York letter, do women dress as extravagantly as in New York. Goethe once undertook to estimate the cost of a cultivated man. Perhaps it would be worth while to calculate the cost of one of our full-dressed women ; though many indulgent husbands and papas have a lively idea of the expenses thereof. Most of the sex, however lavish of their outlay, take great credit for denying themselves something which they declare they want very much, albeit they are very, very apt to obtain whatever they really desire.

I have a fair friend who prides herself upon her self-denial in the way of dress. She was boasting to me, the other day, of her rigid economy, and gesticulating gracefully to convince me of the alleged fact with a pair of five thousand dollar bracelets on her arms, and in a full toilette for which her husband must have paid at least \$1,000 more.

I refused to be convinced, when she became warm, and declared she had had only forty dresses since last Christmas, and but seven new bonnets of the autumn style.

Of course, I could not longer doubt. I only smiled and was silent; inwardly congratulating myself I was not her husband, or any other woman's.

RECEIPTS THAT NEVER FAIL.

To destroy rats—catch them one by one and flatten their heads with a lemon squeezer.

To kill cockroaches—get a pair of heavy boots, then catch your roaches, put them into a barrel, and then get in yourself and dance.

To kill bedbugs—chain their hind legs to a tree, then go around in front and make mouths at them.

To catch mice—on going to bed put crumbs of cheese into your mouth, and lie with it open, and when a mouse's whiskers tickle your throat—bite.

To prevent dogs from going mad, cut their tails off just behind the ears.

MARRIAGE.

THE HONEYMOON.

My dearest, are you going out,
Indeed, 't is very cold;
Let me, sweet love, around your neck
This handkerchief enfold.

You know how anxious for your health,
My own dear George, am I;
One loving kiss before we part—
Good bye, sweet chuck, good bye!

THREE YEARS AFTER.

You're "going out!"—why don't you go
I can not help the rain;
You would n't grieve me mightily
To ne'er come back again.

"Umbrella!"—I don't know where it is;
What 'll you want next, I wonder!
Do n't pester me about your cold,
Good gracious—"go to thunder!"

CHARITABLE JUDGMENT.

The following words, from a sermon by Laurin, deserves to be committed to memory, as a guide to a just and charitable judgment of the character of others:

"In order to judge properly of a crime and a criminal, we must examine the power of the temptations to which he was exposed; the opportunities given him to avoid it; the force of his natural constitution; the motives which animated him; the resistance he made; the virtues he practiced; the talents God gave him; the education he had; what knowledge he had acquired; what remorse he felt. It must be examined whether he was seduced by ignorance; whether he were allured by example; whether he yielded through weakness; whether dissipation or obstinacy, malice or contempt of God and His law, confirmed him in sin."

THE CONTRAST.

What a beautiful place is a home,
 Where the husband and wife doth agree;
 Where the children are happy and glad,
 And skip about blithesome and free.
 What a beautiful place is a home,
 Where religion doth reign in its pride;
 Where husband and wife doth appear
 As when they were bridegroom and bride.

What a horrible place is a home
 Where the man and woman e'er wrangle,
 Where the children are brought up amidst strife,
 And are taught little else but to jangle.
 What a horrible place is a home,
 Where religion doth ne'er preside;
 Where the heads scarce seem to remember
 They were ever bridegroom and bride.

COMET ENDANGERING THE EARTH.

Southey, in his "Common Place Book," relates that in A. D. 1712, Whiston predicted that the comet would appear on Wednesday, October 14, at five minutes after five in the morning, and that the world would be destroyed by fire the Friday following. His reputation was high, and the comet appeared. A number of persons got into boats and barges on the Thames, thinking the water the safest place. South sea and India stocks fell. A captain of a Dutch ship threw all his powder into the river, that the ship might not be endangered.

At noon, after the comet had appeared, it is said that more than one hundred clergymen were ferried over to Lambeth, to request that proper prayers might be prepared, there being none in the church service. People believed that the day of judgment was at hand, and some acted on this belief; more, as if some temporary evil was to be expected. On Thursday, more than seven thousand kept mistresses were publicly married. There was a prodigious run on the bank; Sir Gilbert Heathcote, at that time head director, issued orders to all the fire offices in London, requiring them to keep a good look out, and have a particular eye on the Bank of England.

A MISTAKE.

An amusing incident occurred the other day in a fashionable music store, which should teach clerks to be careful in their sports: It appears that the clerks in the store had acquired a habit of playing off little tricks upon each other, and one of the sports was, if one saw the other stooping down to select music, or for any other purpose, he would seize a board, generally the top of a box, and hit the stooping victim. This practice had gone on for some time, when one day one of the clerks who had caught the board most severely for some transgression, and was laying low to catch his enemy in position that he might pay him off with interest, entered the store, and at the end of the counter he saw, to his great delight, his fellow clerk doubled up in a beautiful position, with his head among the lower shelves and his body at an angle. "Now, thought he, "is my time, Mr. Jerry?" So he selected a good stiff board, about four feet long, and, cautiously approaching, gave a blow that sounded all over the store, and brought him erect at once. At that moment Jerry appeared from behind a stack of books, with his face swollen with suppressed laughter, and the gentleman who was struck in utter amazement, rubbing himself most dexterously. The offending clerk discovered, to his great astonishment and regret, that he had struck his worthy pastor, the Rev. Dr. —, who was busy selecting music. Of course, he was ready to fall on his knees for forgiveness. But the deed was done.

A GOOD STORY.

The following amusing story is told of Governor George M. Bibb, Secretary of the Treasury under John Tyler, and an inveterate fisherman:

One day, early in the morning, he planted himself on a wharf for a quiet day of sporting. At noon a friend passed by and asked him about his luck. "I hain't had a bite," replied the Governor, "the fish are scarce." At sundown another friend passed by, and seeing a handsome yellow frog crouching by the side of the Governor, and evidently enjoying the scenery, suddenly exclaimed. "What's that?" "That!" said the Governor, with a look of horror, "is my bait, and the d—d thing has been squatting there, I suppose, ever since nine o'clock in the morning!"

SOLD AND PAID FOR.

A young French actress, Mademoiselle Delorme, with all the attributes of her nature—wit, beauty, and talent in her art—entered her apartment in the Rue de Richelieu, and carelessly threw her shawl on the ottoman. She seemed to droop in grief. And why? She had no rival to dread at her theater; not a hair of her silken tresses had changed its hue; not a vow or a protestation less had crowned her last success. Why, then, was she sad?

“Alas!”—and she addressed her only true friend, her confidential lady’s-maid—“alas! I am the most miserable of earthly things. My whole heart is absorbed on one subject; my existence is a bane to me without it.”

“And what is that happy object?”

“Oh, Josephine! I have fondly gazed, too fondly fixed my affections.” And then, as she mused to herself, “Where can I find two thousand francs?”

It was of an enameled dressing-case she spoke. She had seen it as she came home; had asked the price; but “alas!” two thousand francs! And she sighed heavily.

The door bell rang—the maid went and came.

“It is the English lord, madame.”

“Let him come in,” she sullenly replied.

Lord Honiton entered; he came to offer the homage of his adieu. The *entry* to the society of such beauty and such talent he would preserve for his future visits to Paris; and he ransacked his brain to find some *souvenir* to present in token of his admiration. “I can only be sure of pleasing if I know what will find favor in your eyes.”

The prevailing passion of the enameled dressing-case still being her only thought, she exclaimed, “Yes, sir; there is in a Rue de la Paix what would make me the happiest creature in the world. It is an enameled dressing-case.”

“Before an hour can pass you shall be the happy being you deserve to be.”

One—two—three hours had passed on, and no dressing-case appeared. The impatient beauty could bear it no longer; she called a cab, and drove to the Rue de la Paix. The dressing-case was still on the counter.

“What! and were you not offered a sale for it?”

“Yes, madame, an Englishman did admire it much. He offered

fifteen hundred francs, which was refused, and he left the shop, saying, if we repented, we might send it to the Hotel Maurice."

"And why did you not send it?"

"Because we would not take the fraction of a farthing less than two thousand francs."

"Hark ye," the eager beauty replied. "I will avow a secret. It was for me he offered to purchase it. I will make up the difference; five hundred francs are an easy sacrifice; two thousand francs I could not give. Send it to him forthwith. Here are the five hundred francs." And she parted with her last bank-note.

The packet was carefully arranged, and quickly too on its destined way. Our heroine returned home, thinking of the awakening on the morrow, which would see the object of her fancy before her. She fell asleep—she awoke. It was already day. She rang her bell.

"Well?" she exclaimed to her attendant; "well?"

"It has not yet arrived, madame."

She breakfasted—an angel could not be more patient. The clock struck ten, eleven, twelve—she could bear it no longer. A cab was called—Hotel Maurice was its destination. She called a waiter:

"Did a person bring a dressing-case here last evening?"

"Oh, yes, madame, and a beautiful one it was. It was for Lord Honiton. You should have seen his delight when he received it. He talked aloud to himself; 'I did not know it was such a prize. It is not dear at all—fifteen hundred francs!—why, it is nothing for it.' And then he added smiling, 'by my troth, Mademoiselle Delorme must do without it. John, pack it up.'"

"Gracious heavens! and where is he?"

"On the road to Boulogne, madame, where he is by this time nearly arrived, having left at ten o'clock last evening, with four horses and a courier."

Mr. Smith, the celebrated oysterman, took a drop too much and strayed into a Free Enquiry Meeting, to the surprise of many present, who, however, were glad to see him. One of the leaders arose, and, after some complimentary allusions to Smith, requested him to open the meeting. "Gentlemen," said Smith, "you do me too much 'onor, but I sincerely regret that I left my oyster knife at the shop, and you'll please 'scuse me."

"I have turned many a woman's head," boasted a young nobleman of France. "Yes," replied Talleyrand, "away from you."

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

James Darling, of Lafayette, Indiana, met with a thrilling adventure on the Wabash valley road. He had been up Buck Creek station on business, and returning on foot, had reached the middle of the river bridge above that city, when he was startled by the sound of an approaching train. The night was dark. A heavy rain had made the cross-ties very slippery and insecure. To run, he dare not; to jump was certain death; and with wonderful presence of mind, he locked his arms around one of the ties, and swinging off between the rails, he hung suspended in mid-air until the train had passed over. It was a moment of fearful suspense; and Darling says he suffered a thousand deaths. He recovered his position, and reached home in safety, but has been sick in bed ever since.

WEIGHING A HOLE

Mr. M., of a certain town in Vermont, is not distinguished for liberality, either of purse or opinion. His ruling passion is a fear of being cheated. The loss, whether real or fancied, of a few cents, would give him more pain than the destruction of an entire navy. He once bought a large cake of tallow at a country store, at ten cents a pound. On breaking it to pieces at home, it was found to contain a large cavity. This he considered a terrible disclosure of cupidity and fraud. He drove furiously back to the store, entering in great excitement, bearing the tallow and exclaiming:

"Here, you rascal, you have cheated me! Do you call that an honest cake of tallow? It is hollow, and their aint near so much as there appeared to be. I want you to make it right."

"Certainly, certainly," replied the merchant, "I'll make it right. I didn't know the cake was hollow. Let me see you paid ten cents a pound. Now, Mr. M., how much do you suppose the hole will weigh?"

Two friends meeting, one remarked, "I have just met a man who told me I looked exactly like you."

"Tell me who it was, that I may knock him down," replied his friend.

"Don't trouble yourself," said he, "I did that myself at once."

WHIMSICAL ODDITIES.

It is a mistaken idea to suppose that tenement houses are meant for ten only.

"It is better to go than wish you had." Not to the bar-room.

Whapps thinks the witches in "Macbeth," are charming creatures.

Lot's wife must have been a very selfish woman, for she didn't want any one to share her Lot with her.

Brewer's language. He-brew.

Some uncertainty seems to exist relative to the time of Shakespeare's birth, for he had "Seven Ages." This does not appear in White's common-taries (commentaries.)

Was it considered a condescension when Fanny Kemble married a butler?

A flighty couple. The bridal pair who went up in a balloon.

When does toast resemble a favorite author? When it's Browning.

Mr. Huggins,—Can you tell me what the eleventh month is, Emma? Emma,—No. Mr. H,—No!—No, what? Emma,—November.

Oh, Pa, Mr. Smith was here this morning, and when ma told him that you wouldn't be home 'till late, he said ma's lips were like honey, and that he wished he was a bee, and then he kissed her. They gave me a stick of candy not to tell any one; but I don't think they'd mind you, you're so well acquainted with ma. Imagine ma's feelings as she heard this wonderful exposure.

JUST GOT MARRIED.

The following amusing incident took place upon one of the Ohio river steamboats, and was related to us by an eye witness. While the boat was lying at Cincinnati, just ready to start for Louisville, a young men come on board leading a blushing damsel by the hand and approaching the polite clerk, in a suppressed voice: "I say," he exclaimed, "me and my wife have just got married, and I'm looking for accommodations." "Looking for a berth?" hastily inquired the clerk—passing tickets out to another passenger. "A birth! thunder and lightning, no!" gasped the astonished man, "we hain't but just got married; we want a place to stay all night, you know, and—and a bed."

BLUNDERS.

The Franklin *Register* lately published an address, by the Rev. Mr. Abbott, and in its next issue noted the following correction:

For "dum-swizzle," please read "prominence."

This was bad enough, but the next week the same paper had the following:

"In an advertisement which appeared in our last paper, for 'Bumbleton's storm destroying porringer,' read 'Hamilton's worm-destroying lozenge.'"

Faulkner, who edited the Dublin *Journal*, announced, in glowing terms, the arrival in that city of a distinguished member of the British nobility. On the next day his paper contained the following very Hibernian correction:

"For 'Her Grace the Duke,' in yesterday's *Journal*, read 'His Grace the Dutchess.'"

He improved the matter quite as much as the good clergyman in England did, who, without book, was praying, and said:

"Oh, Lord, bless all classes of people, from the beggar on the throne to the king on the dung-hill—we mean from the king on the dung-hill to the beggar on the throne."

THE ATMOSPHERE.

Our atmosphere extends to a height of some forty-five miles from the surface of the earth, but such is the varying density of the air, that when you have risen to the height of three miles in the atmosphere, you have then about one half of the total weight of the air below you. Although we generally regard the air as an exceedingly light material, still its absolute weight is far from inconsiderable. It is 815 times lighter than water, and more than 11,000 times lighter than mercury. Still, if you can conceive a column of atmospheric air extending from a table upward to the extreme limits of the atmosphere, and measuring only an inch square, that column of air weighs fifteen pounds. A moderate sized room contains sufficient air to crush a man to death, if it could be collected together and placed upon him.

ARTIFICIAL MARBLE.

Sir James Hall upon one occasion produced crystalline marble by subjecting chalk to a high heat in a close vessel. Professor Rose of Berlin, Prussia, tried the experiment, and, failing to produce such a result, denied the correctness of Sir James Hall's statements. Being assured that crystalline marble had thus been produced, and that the specimens could be seen in London, he entered upon a second experiment; and in a recent communication to the Berlin Academy of Sciences, Professor Rose states that marble can be produced by exposing massive carbonate of lime to a high temperature under great pressure. His experiments were made with aragonite from Blin in Bohemia, and with lithographic limestone. In one case the mineral was heated in a wrought iron cylinder, and in the other in a porcelain bottle, the vessels being air-tight. They were exposed to a white heat for half an hour, and, on cooling, both the aragonite and the lithographic limestone were found converted into crystalline limestone; the former resembling Carrara marble, and the latter a gray granular limestone. The change was effected without material decomposition; the resulting marble containing a trifle less carbonic acid than the lithographic limestone, from which it was produced.

WHY SO MUCH BEAUTY IN POLAND?

"Because," says Bayard Taylor, "there girls do not jump from infancy to young lady-hood. They are not sent from the cradle to the parlor, to dress, to sit still and look pretty. No, they are treated as children should be. During childhood, which extends through a period of several years, they are plainly dressed, and allowed to run, romp, and play in the open air. They are not loaded down, girded about, and oppressed every way with countless frills and superabundant flounces, so as to be admired for their clothing; nor are rendered delicate or dyspeptic by continual stuffing with candies and sweet cakes, as are the majority of American children. Plain, simple food, free and various exercises, and an abundance of sunshine during the whole period of childhood, are the secrets of beauty in after life."

ELECTIONEERING.

The county of S—— is noted for electing illiterate sheriffs to office. Some years ago an old Dutch-Englishman, whom I will call Jacob Blank, was nominated for that "posish" by the politicians of said place. Jacob could manage to write his own name without making more than two mistakes; and that was about all. But then he had some influence, and possessed a goodly pile of "filthy lucre," and that "made the *man* go." Money is everything, you know, and more too, now-a-days.

On the same ticket for another office, was placed a military chap, who was minus one hand and an eye—having lost them, not long previous, by the premature discharge of a cannon. Now, just before election day, Jacob started out among his German friends to electioneer; and at each time he would put in a good word for his military friend, winding up that part of his speech in this style :

"Vot, not vote for a man mit his arm shot out! Vot, not vote for a man mit his eye shot off! Vot, not vote for a gr-r-ripple!"

Both were elected.

A REMARKABLY FINE SENSE OF HONOR.

A most extraordinary "duel" took place at Heidelberg. A foreign student had been grossly insulted by a Swabian, and satisfaction was demanded; but instead of fighting in the usual way, an agreement was come to, to draw lots which of the two should destroy himself within a delay of a fortnight. The lot fell on the Swabian. When the time was about to expire, the young man, whose father was dangerously ill, solicited an extension of the delay, but the request was refused, and an attempt at self-destruction was consequently made which, resulted in a dangerous wound in the region of the heart. Some hopes are entertained that the wound will not prove fatal, but all the entreaties of the heads of the university and of his friends can not extort from him a promise not to repeat the desperate act. To all their solicitations his only answer is, "I have not pledged my honor to seriously wound myself but to put an end to my life, and I will keep my promise."

EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY INTEREST.

Ben Adem had a golden coin one day,
 Which he put out at interest with a Jew;
 Year after year, awaiting him, it lay,
 Until the single coin two pieces grew,
 And these two four—so on, till people said,
 “How rich Ben Adem is!” and bowed the servile head.

Ben Selim had a golden coin one day,
 Which to a stranger asking alms he gave,
 Who went rejoicing on his unknown way—
 Ben Selim died, too poor to own a grave;
 But when his soul reached heaven, angels with pride
 Showed him the wealth to which his coin had multiplied.

THE GALOP.

A watering-place correspondent thus describes the popular dance, the galop :

“This galop is comparatively a new dance. The gentleman clasps his arm around the lady’s waist, and squeezes *ad libitum*, and the lady drops hers around his neck and lovingly lolls her head upon his shoulder, and both go spinning and panting down the room at a speed elsewhere seen only at Dutch lager beer gardens after forty glasses each. Imagine a team, consisting of a blind mule and a lame cow, hitched to a cart, whereof one wheel is twice the size of the other and neither is round, driven rapidly over a superannuated corderoy road, and you will have some idea of the motion of the galop, and nothing short of that will do.

“The old, graceful, plain waltz, the schottische, and polka, with even their license, were bad enough; but when the bottoms of skirts go flying far above where the dress tops ought to be—when the lady’s flushed cheek literally lies on her partner’s shoulder, and his too often whisky scented breath scorches her bosom—when the whole dance seems to be especially contrived to secure unrestrained hugging, and to exhibit female stockings in a distended state, the thing though perhaps fashionable, becomes a little too much for decent humanity.”

THE CAVALIER.

A cavalier rode by a cottager's door,
 And a maiden sat thereby,
 The cavalier bowed to his saddle full low,
 And the maiden winked her eye;
 And years rolled on, and the maiden worked
 By her door, and still would think
 Of the cavalier's bow, and the knight he thought
 For aye on the maiden's wink.

And years rolled on, and the maiden heard
 No more of the courteous knight,
 And perchance he called her name and thought
 Of her wink as he died in fight.
 But the maiden lived the merriest life,
 For the curate he came one day,
 And she winked at him with her arch blue eye,
 And he married her straight away!

The following story is told of Professor Wilson's method of giving his daughter to Aytoun: "Professor Ferrier married a daughter of John Wilson, and edited the collected edition of his father-in-law's works. It is of his brother, Professor Aytoun, who stood in the same relation to 'Christopher North,' that a story is told relative to the successful issue of his courtship. He took the opportunity of 'declaring his intentions' one morning when North was in his study, accompanied by the young lady. As soon as he finished his explanation, whose purport the reader may conceive, and was awaiting with some natural anxiety the result, Professor Wilson, saying nothing, took up one of the numerous presentation volumes lying around, and tearing out a fly-leaf, with the inscription 'with the author's compliments,' pinned it to his daughter's dress, and handed her to young Aytoun without a word."

A little boy, on coming home from church, where he had seen a person work the bellows of the organ, said to his mother, "O, mamma, I wish you had been to church to-day — such fun. A man pumped music out of an old cupboard."

THE WOMEN OF PARAGUAY.

The author of "Sketches in Paraguay," gives us this fragrant morsel: Everybody smokes in Paraguay, and nearly every female above thirteen years of age chews. I am wrong. They do not chew, but put the tobacco into their mouths, keep it there constantly, except when eating, and, instead of chewing, roll it about with their tongues and suck it. Only imagine yourself about to salute the rich, red lips of a magnificent little Hebe, arrayed in satin and flashing with diamonds; she puts you back with one delicate hand, while with the fair, taper fingers of the other she draws forth from her mouth, a brownish-black roll of tobacco, quite two inches long, looking like a monstrous grub, and, depositing a savory morsel on the rim of your sombrero, puts up her face, and is ready for your salute.

I have sometimes seen an over-delicate foreigner turn with a shudder of loathing under such circumstances, and get the epithet of *el savaco* (the savage) applied to him by the offended beauty for his sensitive squeamishness. However, one soon gets used to this in Paraguay, where you are perforce of custom obliged to kiss every lady you are introduced to; and one half you meet are really tempting enough to render you reckless of consequences; you would sip the dew of the proffered lips in the face of a tobacco battery—even the double-distilled "honey-dew" of old Virginia.

NEVER "KNOCK UNDER."

No never. Always rally your forces for another and more desperate assault upon adversity. If calumny assails you, and the world, as it is apt to do in such cases—takes part with your traducers, don't turn moody and misanthropic, or, worse still, seek to drown your unhappiness in dissipation. Bide your time. Disprove the slander if you can; if not, live it down. If poverty come upon you like a thief in the night—what then? Let it rouse you, as the presence of a real thief would do, to energetic action. No matter how deeply you may have got into hot water—always provided that you did not help the Father of Lies to heat it—your case, if you are made of the right sort of stuff, is not desperate; for it is in accord with the divine order and sweep of things that life should have no difficulties which an honest determined man, with heaven's help, can not surmount.

THE TRUE FREEMASON.

He is above a mean thing. He invades no secret in the keeping of another. He takes selfish advantage of no man's mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. If by accident he comes into possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eyes, whether they flutter in at his window or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred. He possesses no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted, himself out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. He insults no man. If he has rebuke for another, he is straight forward, openly and manly. He can not descend to scurrility. Billingsgate don't lie in his track. From all profane and wanton words his lips are chastened. Of women, and to her he speaks with decency and respect. In short, whatever he judges honorable, he practices toward every man

LITERATURE OF JAPAN.

There are large public libraries in Japan; and literature is as common, and books are as widely circulated, and much cheaper than even in Germany. Thousands of illustrated novels are printed every year, and to judge from the pictures with which they are profusely illustrated, they contain much the same ingredients as our own—love, murder, suicide, intrigue, heroism and folly. Their books are printed from wooden blocks on fine silky paper, doubled, so that the exterior sides only are printed upon. The Japanese are much farther advanced in painting and drawing than the Chinese; they understand perspective, and many of their wood illustrations are both, true and nature, and well designed, in their peculiar style.

PAT'S IDEA OF THE DIVINITY.

A friend whom we shall call Pat, "for short," tells us the following good story about himself:

When but an idle boy, he was called up in a country school and the question suddenly propounded by the pedagogue:

"Patrick, how many gods are there?"

Pat was not a distinguished theologian then, and years have made him no better "very fast" in such matters, but he promptly responded—

"Three, sir."

"Take your seat!" thundered the master, "and if in five minutes you don't answer correctly, I'll welt you."

The probationary period passed, and Pat taking the floor hesitatingly stated the number of gods at "five, sir." He received the promised "welting" and a remand to his seat ten minutes for consideration

Ten minutes up, Pat was up too, and satisfied that he hadn't fixed the matter sufficiently high before, he shouted—

"There's ten, sir."

He saw the ferule descending, and bolting out the door, he cleared a five rail fence, and broke like a quarter horse across the field. Panting with exertion he met a lad with a book under his arm, and with a look of one desiring the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

"Where are you going?" asked Pat.

"To school yonder," was the reply.

"You are, are you?" said Pat quietly. "How many gods are there?"

"One," answered the boy.

"Well, you'd better not go down there. You'll have a good time with your ONE God. I've just left there with TEN, and that was'nt enough to save me from the darndest licking you ever heard of."

Lord M——, with no very large portion of wit or wisdom, had a very exalted opinion of his powers. When once in a large company, and expatiating about himself, he made the following pointed remark: "When I happen to say a foolish thing, I always burst out a laughing!" "I envy you your happiness, my lord, then," said Chas. Townsend, "for you must certainly live the merriest life of any man in England."

POWER OF AFFECTION.

Dr. Belfrage was twice married. His second wife was a woman of great sweetness and delicacy, not only of mind, but, to his sorrow, of constitution. She died after less than a year of single and unbroken happiness. There was no portrait of her. He resolved there should be one, and though utterly ignorant of drawing he determined to do it himself. No one else could have such a perfect image of her in his mind, and he resolved to realize this image. He got the materials for miniature painting, and, I think, eight prepared ivory plates. He then shut himself up from every one, and from everything for fourteen days, and came out of his room wasted and feeble with one of the plates (the others he had used and burnt), on which was a portrait, full of subtle likeness, and drawn and colored in a way no one could have dreamt of, having had such an artist. I have seen it, and though I never saw the original, I felt it must be like, as indeed every one who knew her said it was. I do not, as I said before, know any thing so remarkable in the history of human sorrow and resolve.

A TURKISH BREAKFAST.

A correspondent, writing from Constantinople, says:—"The Turks are a curious people. I called the other day upon a certain wealthy effendi, who asked me to breakfast, which I accepted. We talked of every thing, and, of course, of the cholera. My friend grew positively white, yellow, and green all at once, when I related to him some cases which I witnessed of deaths by this epidemic in the streets of Smyrna a week ago. He acknowledged frankly that he had the greatest horror of the complaint, and was in great dread of it. And yet, when breakfast was announced, he commenced his repast with fish that was soused in vinegar, from which he passed to English pickles eaten by the half jar almost, and alone, *au natural*; and wound up the first chapter of his repast with a raw cucumber, some unripe grapes, and an onion salad! No wonder that he complained of his inward parts being in pain before we had finished our meal."

LOVE IN MORSELS.

A gentleman, who, it is to be hoped, has not lived so long that all the variations below are part of his experience, contributes this striking summary of man's weakness. We think it a synopsis of human nature:

THE BACHELOR'S REGISTER.

At 16 years incipient palpitations are manifested toward the young ladies.

17. Much blushing and confusion occur when addressed by handsome woman.
18. Confidence in conversation with the ladies is much increased.
19. Becomes angry if treated by them as a boy.
20. Betrays great consciousness of his own charms and manliness.
21. A looking-glass becomes an indispensable piece of furniture in his dressing room, and in some instances finds its way into his pocket.
22. Insufferable puppyism now exhibited. Imagines himself poet.
23. Thinks no woman good enough to enter into marriage-state with him.
24. Is caught unawares by the snares of Cupid.
25. The connection broken off from self-conceit on his part.
26. Conducts himself with airs of much superiority toward her.
27. Pays his addresses to another lady—and without hopes of mortifying the first.
28. Is mortified and frantic on being refused.
29. Rails against the fair sex in general, as heartless beings.
30. Seems morose and out of humor in all conversations on matrimony.
31. Contemplates matrimony more under the influence of interest than previously.
32. Begins to consider personal beauty in a wife not so indispensable as formerly.
33. Still retains a high opinion of his attractions as a husband.
34. Consequently, has the hope that he may still marry a chicken.
35. Falls deeply and violently in love with one of seventeen.
36. *Au dernier desespoir*; another refusal.
37. Indulges now in every kind of dissipation.

38. Shuns the best part of the female sex, and finds some consolation for his spleen in the society of ladies of easy disposition.

39. Suffers much remorse and mortification by so doing.

40. Begins to think he is growing old, yet still feels a fresh budding of matrimonial ideas, but no spring shoots.

41. A nice buxom young widow begins to perplex him.

42. Ventures to address her with mixed sensations of love and interest.

43. Interest prevails, which causes much cautious reflection.

44. The widow jilts him, being full as cautious as himself.

45. Becomes every day more gloomy and adverse to the fair sex.

46. Gouty and nervous symptoms begin to assail him.

47. Fears what will become of him when he gets old and infirm; but still persuades himself he is a young man.

48. Thinks living alone irksome.

49. Resolves to have a prudent young woman as housekeeper and companion.

50. A nervous affection about him, and frequent attacks of the gout.

51. Much pleased with his new housekeeper as a nurse.

52. Begins to feel some attachment to her.

53. His mind revolts at the idea of marrying her.

54. Is in great distress how to act.

55. Completely under her influence, and very miserable.

56. Many painful thoughts about parting with her, and attempts to gain her own terms.

57. She refuses to live any longer with him solus.

58. Gouty, nervous, and bilious to excess.

59. Feels very ill, sends for her to his bedside, and promises to espouse her.

60. Grows rapidly worse, has his will made in her favor, and makes his exit in her arms.

All of which phases, in a bachelor's life, are respectfully offered to those who contemplate writing a novel, as facts worthy of being worked up in the most sensational way.

On learning through the *Courier des Etats Unis* that one William Snyder was fined ten dollars in the United States for having obtained a kiss of Miss Phebe L—— without her consent, the charming Blanche D., of Paris, exclaimed: "Like Lafayette, I will emigrate in a noble cause to the land of Franklin." "And what would you do there?" inquired one of her intimate friends. "What! why I would let the men kiss me without my consent!"

A NEW USE FOR GARTERS.

A lady (?) has displayed a new method of shoplifting. She went into one of the great silk mercers on the Boulevard des Italiens, and going up to a sheepish looking young man behind a deserted counter, told him she had had the misfortune to drop her garter, and that in consequence her stocking was falling over her foot; she requested him to accommodate her with a piece of tape, and to allow her to put it on behind the counter. The young man, blushing crimson, instantly gave her the tape, and, in the most respectful manner, vacated the dark side of the counter, and left the lady, who at once helped herself to a silk dress, which she tied under her crinoline with the tape. She then came forward and thanked the civil shopman, and vanished. When the man returned to his quarters he found the dress gone, and instantly knew he had been robbed, but too late—the garterless lady was out of sight.

TRAVELING ON THE ERIE CANAL.

“ Hallo, there, captin?” said a brother Jonathan to a captain of a canal packet on the Erie Canal, “what do you charge for passage?” “Three cents per mile and boarded,” said the captain. “Wall, I guess I’ll take passage, captin, seeing as how I’m kinder gin out walking so far.” Accordingly he got on board as the steward was ringing the bell for dinner. Jonathan sat down and began demolishing the “fixins” to the utter consternation of the captain, until he had cleared the table of all that was eatable, when he got up and went on deck, picking his teeth very comfortably. “How far is it, captin, from here to where I got on board?” “Nearly one and a half miles,” said the captain. “Let’s see,” said Jonathan, “that would be just four and a half cents; but never mind, captin, I won’t be small; here’s five cents, which pays my fare to here; I guess I’ll go ashore now, I’m kinder rested eout.”

“A man who’ll maliciously set fire to a shed,” said Mr. Slow, “and burn up twenty cows, ought to be kicked to death by a donkey—and I’d like to do it myself!” Slow is very severe sometimes.

THERE'S ICE IN IT.

We were much amused the other day at the coolness of a verdant youth, who sat opposite us at the dinner table, at the Tremont. A gentleman next to him had a bottle of champaigne by his side, and after dispatching his "Mock Turtle," a large plate of fish, and being helped to a good sized piece of roast beef, our individual took hold of his neighbor's bottles, and helped himself to a glass of the sparkling beverage, not a wine glass, but a large tumbler full.

The owner of the wine looked at his neighbor with surprise, but being a gentleman, and supposing him to have committed some mistake, he said not a word. The wine, however, seemed just to suit the palate of our country friend, and the bottle being more than half full, he deliberately helped himself a second time. The gentleman thought it was going too far, and could not help but exclaim :

" Well ! That's cool ! "

" Oh ! ye-e-e-s ! " replied the *young* individual, " there's *ice* in it." A general laugh followed this truly *cool* answer.

PRECOCITY OF INTELLECT.

Chatterton wrote all his beautiful things, exhausted all hopes of life, and saw nothing better than death, at the age of eighteen. Burns and Byron died in their 37th year, and doubtless the strength of their genius was over. Raffaelle, after filling the world with divine beauty, perished also at thirty seven ; Mozart earlier. These might have produced still greater works. On the other hand, Handel was forty-eight before he gave the world "assurance of a man." Dryden came up to London from the provinces, dressed in Norwich drugget, somewhat above the age of thirty, and did not even then know that he could write a single line of poetry ; yet what towering vigor and swinging ease appeared all at once in "Glorious John." Milton had, indeed, written "Comus" at twenty-eight ; but he was upward of fifty when he began his great work. Cowper knew not his own might till he was far beyond thirty, and his "Task" was not written till about his fiftieth year. Sir Walter Scott was also upward of thirty before he published his "Minstrelsy" and all his greatness was yet to come.

LADIES UNDER WATER.

In Belgium, men and women, grotesquely clad, bathe together as freely as if water were their natural element. At Blakenberg, you will see the bridegroom come forth from his *baignoir*, leading his bride by the hand, steadyng her amid the serf. The father dips his daughters, and the most modest *demoiselles* in the world, from a neighboring machine, gladly avail themselves of his polite services. Sometimes a harmless acquaintanceship is struck up among the waves, to be perfected on dry land, as occasion may offer. At the baths of Pfeiffer, young men and maidens, old men and children, sit in the healing waters promiscuously, while tables of wood, bearing a newspaper or a cup of coffee, are gently floated to them, along the surface, at their call. At Dieppe, the weather-beaten bather, with his coarse blue shirt and sunburned hat, waits patiently for the lady issuing from her marine chamber, fancifully clad, and often wearing even her necklace and rings. He listens, with his bucket in hand, while she tells him how the sea-water is to be thrown. With one it is the head, with another the arms, chest, or nape of the neck, that it is first to be perfused; and another stands like a rock, while pail after pail is dashed upon the small of her back. Then, if she is young, the bather gives her a lesson on swimming, and bids her rely on the motion of her arms, and leave her feet entirely to his direction, while he guides them after the semblance of a frog.

“A beautiful day, Mr. Jenkins.” “Yes, very pleasant, indeed.” “Good day for the race.” “Race, what race?” “The human race.” “Oh, go long with your stupid jokes; get up a good one, like the one with which I sold Day.” “Day, what Day?” “The day we celebrate,” said Jenkins, who went on his way rejoicing.

“Ah! here you are, my good fellow; how d’ye do? Upon my honor, it does my heart good to see you once more! How’s your family and the old woman? we haven’t seen her for a long time—when is she coming down to see my wife!” “I am quite well, I thank you; but indeed, sir, you have the advantage.” “Advantage! my good fellow—what advantage?” “Why, really, sir, I do not know you!” “Know me! well, I don’t know you; where the deuce is the advantage?”

A TRADITION.

There is an unique and charming tradition connected with the site on which the Temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family; the other had none. On this spot there was sown a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in separate shocks, the elder brother said unto his wife:

“My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and the heat of the day; I will arise, take my shocks, and place with his, without his knowledge.”

The younger brother, being actuated by the same benevolent motives, said, within himself:

“My elder brother has a family, and I have none; I will contribute to their support; I will arise, take my shocks, and place them with his, without his knowledge.”

Judge of their mutual astonishment when, on the following morning, they found their respective shocks undiminished. This course of events transpired for several nights, when each resolved in his own mind, to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so; when, on the following night, they met each other half way between their respective shocks, with their arms full.

Upon ground hallowed with such associations as this, was the Temple of Solomon erected—so spacious and magnificent, the wonder and admiration of the world. Alas! in these days, how many would sooner steal their brother’s whole shock than add to it a single sheaf!

That was a beautiful idea of the wife of an Irish schoolmaster, who, whilst poor himself had given gratuitous instruction to poor scholars, but when increased in worldly goods, began to think he could not afford to give his services for nothing:—

“Oh, James, don’t say the like of that,” said the gentle hearted woman, “don’t; a poor scholar never came into the house, that I didn’t feel as if *he brought the fresh air from heaven with him*; I never miss the bit I give them; my heart warms to the soft and homely sound of their bare feet on the floor, and the door almost opens of itself to receive them in.”

THE SMITHS.

John Smith—plain John Smith—is not very high sounding; it does not suggest aristocracy; it is not the name of any hero in die-away novels, and yet is good, strong and honest. Transferred to other languages it seems to climb the ladder of respectability. Thus, in Latin, it is Johannes Smithus; the Italian smooths it off into Giovanni Smith; the Spaniards render it Juan Smithus; the Dutchman adopts it as Hans Schmidt; the French flatten it out into Jean Smeets; and the Russians sneezes and barks Jouloff Smittowski. When John Smith gets into the tea trade at Canton, he becomes Jahn Shimmit; the Icelanders say he is Jahne Smithson; if he trades among the Tuscaroras, he becomes Ton Qua Smittia; in Poland he is known as I van Schmittiweiski; should we wander among the Welsh mountains, they talk of Jihon Schmida; when he goes to Mexico, he is booked as Jontli F'Smitti; if of classic turn, he lingers among Greek ruins, he turns to Ion Smikton; and, in Turkey he is utterly disguised as Yoe Seef.

A DUTCH WOMAN'S IDEAL OF A MAN.

A man is von creature vot years a coat and loses de buttons off; vot opens the doors, but never more shuts dem; vot dips his moustaches in de soup and kisses me mit de same. He is von goose vot buys me lozengers to treat de girls. He is von animal—von brute vot eats tobacco and bread in de same mouth. He is von monkey vot jumps over the rail fences, and do not creep troo dem like me. A man is von angel vot prings de vasser, and putchers de pig, and writes de sermons—von stumbling block vot I can beat ven I get angry and spare de childer. He is von vater-proof vot de rain vets not troo; but he carries my umprilla. He is von donkey that knows not how to sew, put years my thimble on his little finger, and treads a needle troo de point and tics in de tread. He is von dog that poils de potatoes in de dea kettle ven I go from home, vot shuts up de cat in de milk closet, and put out de milk in de vood shed dat she may not get it. He is von great pocket book vot holds de money; he gives me some ven I say please, or ven I cry. He is von ting vot does not plush nor scream. He is von *man*!

A SECRET OF YOUTH.

There are women who can not grow old—women who, without any special effort, remain always young and always attractive. The number is smaller than it should be, but there is still a sufficient number to mark the wide difference between this class and the other. The secret of this perpetual youth lies not in beauty, for some women possess it who are not at all handsome ; nor in dress, for they are frequently careless in that respect, so far as the mere arbitrary dictates of fashion are concerned ; nor in having nothing to do, for these ever young women are always as busy as the bees, and it is very well known that idleness will fret people into old age and ugliness faster than overwork. The charm, we imagine, lies in a sunny temper—neither more nor less, the blessed gift of always looking on the bright side of life, and of stretching the mantle of charity over every body's faults and failings. It is not much of a secret, but it is all that we have been able to discover, and we have watched such with great interest, and a determination to report truthfully for the benefit of the rest of the sex. It is very provoking that it is something which can not be corked up and sold for fifty cents a bottle ; but as this is impossible, why, the most of us will have to keep on growing as ugly and disagreeable as possible.

POULTICING THE WRONG MAN.

A curious story is going the rounds of a mistake in a mustard poultice at a hotel. A lady, whose husband was suffering from cold, got up at midnight and went below to fetch a mustard poultice. In her agitation she mistook the room on her return, and went into one where there was a light burning as dimly as in that she left—a room altogether similar, and apparently her husband in bed, fast asleep. She applied the mustard poultice to his chest and sat quietly by the bedside till it began to draw. It did draw ; but it drew an infuriated scream from the poor fellow who had been the subject of her unconscious solicitude. At the sound of the unaccustomed voice, the nature of the accident which had befallen her and her patient was at once visible, and she rushed headlong from the mustarded man into the arms of her liege lord. Both parties told their story the next day, and had to leave amidst the laughter of the occupants.

CHURCH ETIQUETTE.

It is fashionable with many to come late to church, long after the services have begun. To the edification of the curious in the congregation and the comfort of the nerves of the pulpit, it has lately been decided, on high authority, that the following rules are to be observed on such occasions:

Let the lady advance one pace beyond the door of the pew she wishes to enter, halt, about face, and salute. The pew must then be vacated by such gentlemen as are in it, by flank movement. The squad should rise simultaneously when the lady presents herself, and face by the right flank, then deploy into the aisle, the head man facing the lady, and the rest walking to his right and rear, the direction of the line being changed by a right countermarch, and forming again into line, up and down the aisle, still faced by the right flank. The lady, when she sees that the coast is clear, completes her salute and advances to her position in the pew. The gentlemen break off by files from the rear and resume their places. Great care should be taken, of course, by other parties not to enter the aisle when this evolution is in progress, until it is completed.

HOW TO GET AT IT.

No one knows what he is capable of doing, until necessity has pinched him into active exertion. The best tea must be put into hot water before you can develope its real qualities. The best coffee you can get must be "done brown" before you can begin to ascertain what it is good for. And precisely so it is with human beings. In ordinary life they may be dull, insipid, commonplace, and apparently without a particle of individuality. But get them into "hot water." Let fortune turn tail on them, and "do them up very brown" indeed. Let the world roast them well, and then you'll ascertain their exact flavor. If they have any thing in them whatever, it will come out at such a time. If made of common stuff, such a trial will only render them more insipid than ever. If made of raw material, the exigency will bring out in bold relief their latent excellencies, and they will charm us with a freshness and vigor they never exhibited before, because inexorable circumstances never demanded it.

MORE NICE THAN WISE.

A physician had attended the only child of rich parents, and had, with the aid of Providence, saved the infant's life. A day or two after the darling was pronounced out of danger, the grateful mother visited the man of science at his house. "Doctor," said she, "there are certain services which mere money can not remunerate. Scarcely knowing how to discharge my debt to you, I have thought you might be willing to accept this pocket book which I myself embroidered, as a trifling token of my gratitude." "Madame," retorted the disciple of *Æsculapius*, somewhat rudely, "the practice of medicine is not a matter of sentiment. 'Time is money,' and we expect our time to be paid for in money. Pretty presents may serve to perpetuate friendship, but they do not contribute to the cost of housekeeping." "Well, then, doctor," replied the lady, much wounded by tone and manner, "be good enough to name the sum at which you value your professional services?" "Certainly, madame. My charge in your instance is two thousand francs." Without farther remark, the lady opened the rejected pocket book, which she still held in her hand, took two of the five one thousand franc notes stowed inside, placed them on the table, and quietly bade him good morning.

AN INFANT LOGICIAN.

A grandchild of Dr. Emmons, when not more than six years old, came to him with a trouble weighing on her mind. "A. B., says the moon is made of green cheese, and I don't believe it." "Don't you believe it? Why not?" "I know it isn't." "But how do you know?" "Is it, grandpa?" "Don't ask me that question; you must find it out yourself." "How can I find it out?" "You must study it." She knew enough to resort to the first of Genesis for information, and after a truly Emmons-like search, she ran into the study; "I've found it out—the moon is *not* made of green cheese, for the moon was made before the cows were."

"Wife," said a man, looking for his bootjack, "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes," said she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours."

WASHINGTON AND THE CORPORAL.

During the American Revolution, it is said, the commander of a little squad was giving orders to those under him, relative to a log of timber which they were endeavoring to raise to the top of some military works they were repairing. The timber went up with difficulty, and on this account the voice of the little great man was often heard in regular vociferations—of heave away! there she goes! heave, ho heave!

An officer, not in the military costume, was passing, and asked the commander why he did not take hold, and render a little aid!

The latter, astonished, turned round with the pomp of an emperor, and said: "Sir, I am a corporal!"

"You are, are you?" said the officer; "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal," and then dismounted, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead.

When the work was done, turning to the commander, he said:

"Mr. Corporal, when you have another such a job, and have not sufficient men, just send for your commander-in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time."

The corporal was thunderstruck. It was Washington who thus addressed him.

INDIFFERENCE OF LIFE.

Men differ widely in their estimates of the value of life. The instinctive fear of death which is supposed to pervade the human family, is scarcely discoverable in some of the heathen nations. In China, a criminal condemned to be decapitated, can obtain a substitute for two hundred dollars. Straw bail is not more easily procurable in New York, than men are willing to sell their heads for that sum in Pekin. All the Celestial proxy asks, is a furlough for a few days in which to spend the price of his head in fashion. A trivial blunder in etiquette so disgusts a Chinese gentleman with all sublunary things, that he incontinently cuts himself crosswise on the abdomen, and dies a horrible death in order to escape the mortifying reflection that he has committed a breach of ceremony. In some parts of Africa a native will sell his "vital spark" for a hearty dinner; and even in this Christian country, a wretch sentenced to the gallows has been known to devour his pound or so of porter-house steak on the verge of eternity.

HE WAS REMARKABLY SOCIALE.

Governor Powell, of Kentucky, was once a great favorite. He never was an orator, but his conversational, story telling and social qualities were remarkable. His great forte lay in establishing a personal intimacy with every one he met, and in this he was powerful in electioneering. He chewed immense quantities of tobacco, but never carried the weed himself, and was always begging it from every one he met. His residence was in Henderson, and in coming up the Ohio, past that place, I overheard the following characteristic anecdote of Lazarus:

A citizen of Henderson coming on board, fell into conversation with a passenger, who made some inquiries about Powell.

"Lives in your place, I believe, don't he?"

"Yes; one of our oldest citizens."

"Very sociable man, ain't he?"

"Remarkably so."

"Well, I thought so. I think he is one of the most sociable men I ever met in all my life. Wonderfully sociable! I was introduced to him over at Grayson Springs, last summer, and he hadn't been with me ten minutes, when he begged all the tobacco I had, got his feet up in my lap, and spit all over me! Re-mark-a-bly sociable!"

An agonizing story is told of a vain New York young lady, who, dissatisfied with her good but irregular teeth, had fifteen of them pulled out to make room for a new and false set. In vain the dentist wished to spare her eye-teeth. She would have them out. Nervous prostration followed the operation, and she died, a victim to her pride, and leaving the set of false teeth she had ordered uncalled for.

A sailor, the other day, while explaining the third figure of the quadrille to his messmate, thus described it: "You first heave a-head," said he, "and pass your adversary's yard arm, regain your berth on the other tack in the same order, take your station with your partner in line, back and fill, and then fall on your heel, and bring up with your partner; she then maneuvers a-head, off alongside of you; then make sail in company with her until nearly astern of the other line, make a stern board, cast her off to shift for herself, regain your place the best way you can, and let go your anchor.

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